DELL DELL COMIC DELL COMIC

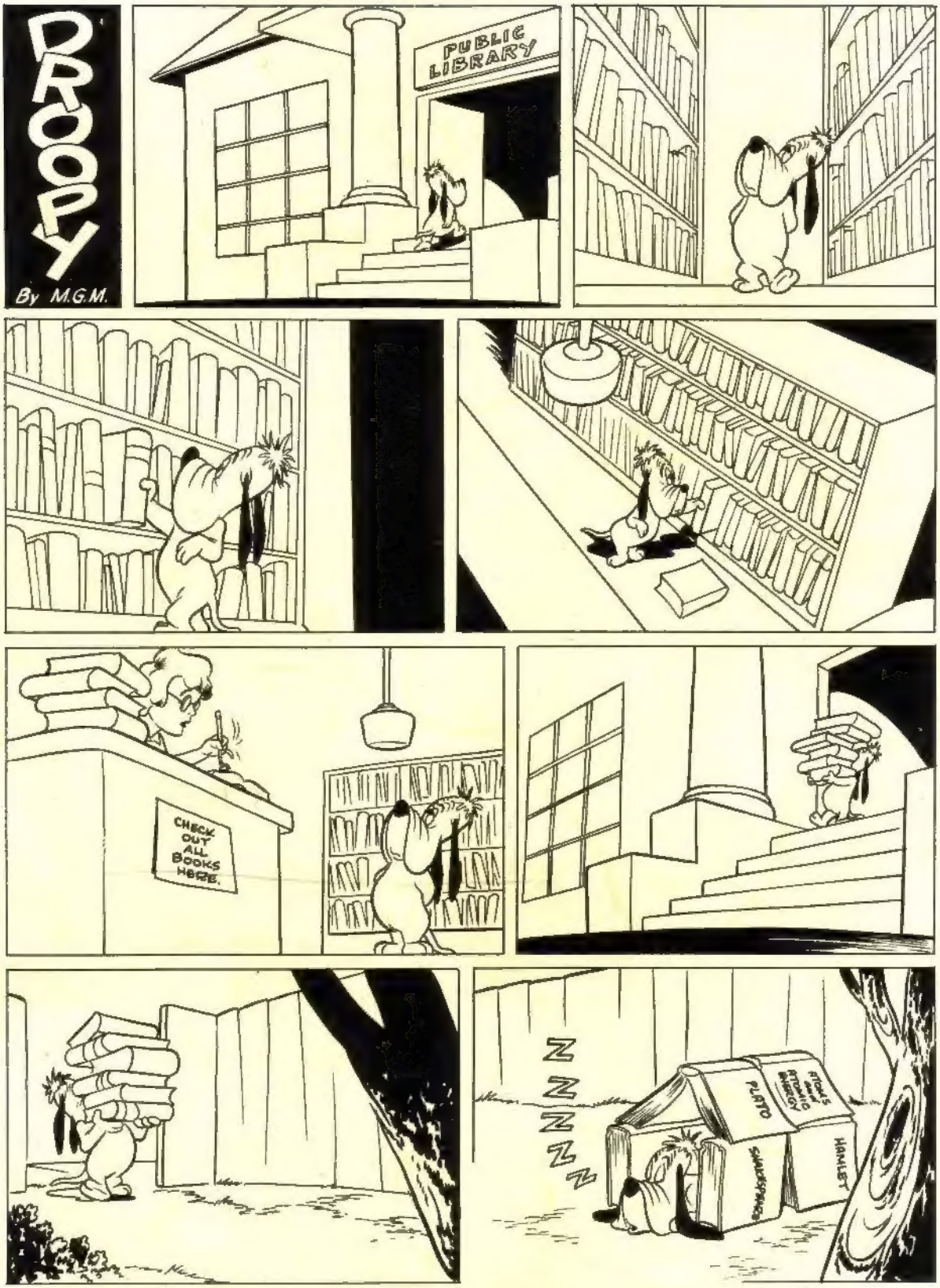
APRIL

Our Gang with Tom & Jerry

10¢

WISHING WELL

THROW IN A COIN AND MAKE A WISH



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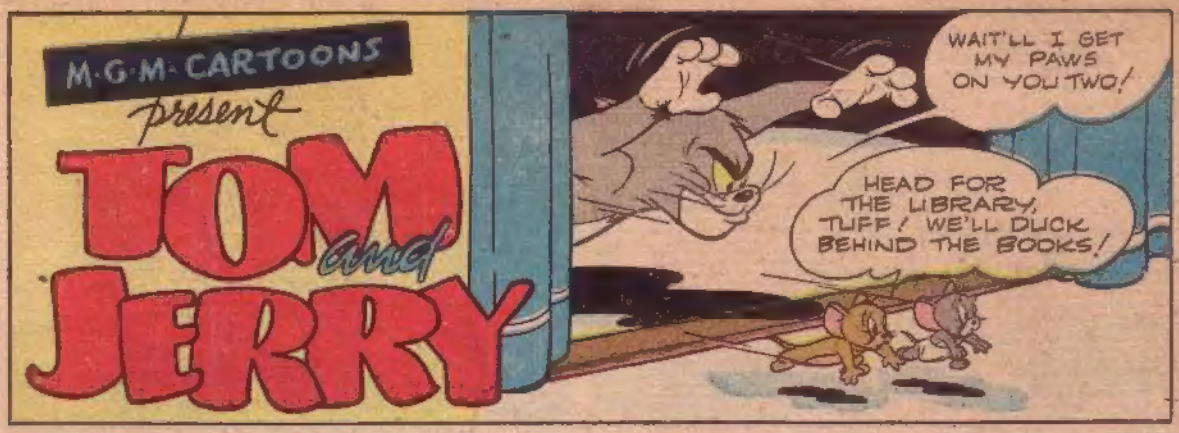
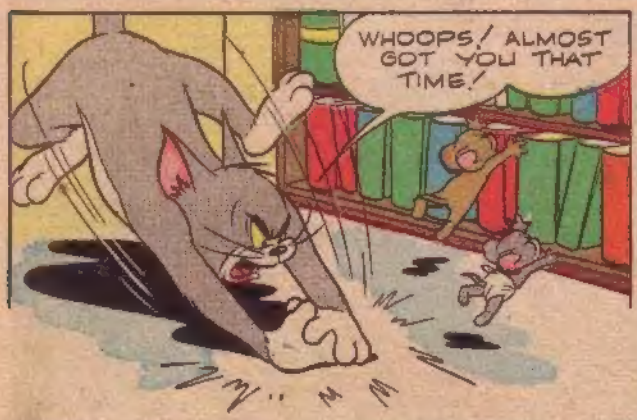
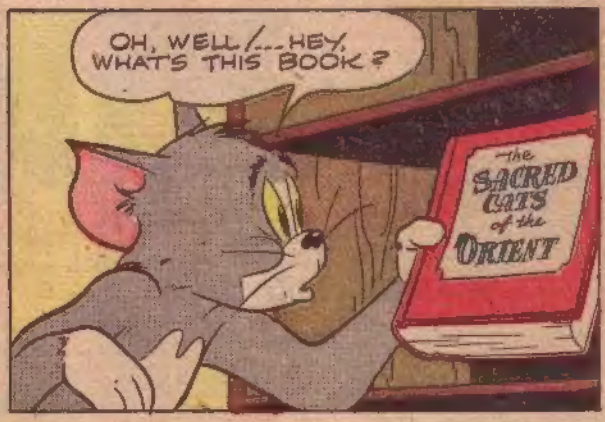

M·G·M·CARTOONS
present
TOM and JERRY
WAIT'LL I GET MY PAWS ON YOU TWO!
HEAD FOR THE LIBRARY, TUFF! WE'LL DUCK BEHIND THE BOOKS!


WHOOPS! ALMOST GOT YOU THAT TIME!

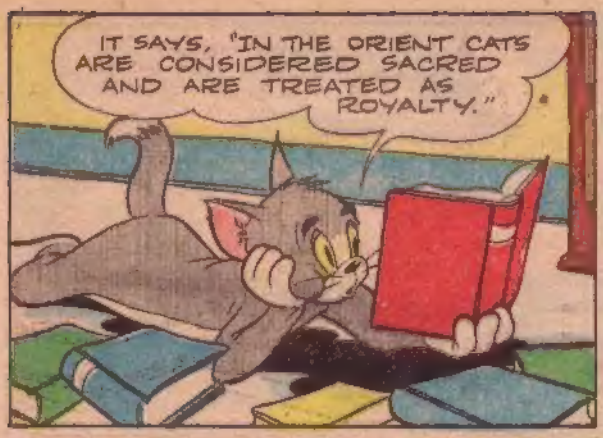
I'LL FIND 'EM IF I HAVE TO REMOVE EV'RY BOOK ON THESE SHELVES!

GOLDARN! MISSED 'EM!


OH, WELL!... HEY, WHAT'S THIS BOOK?
The SACRED CATS of the ORIENT

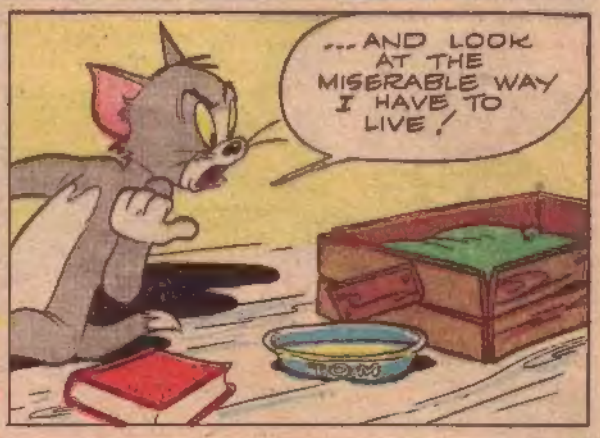
"THE SACRED CATS OF THE ORIENT"!

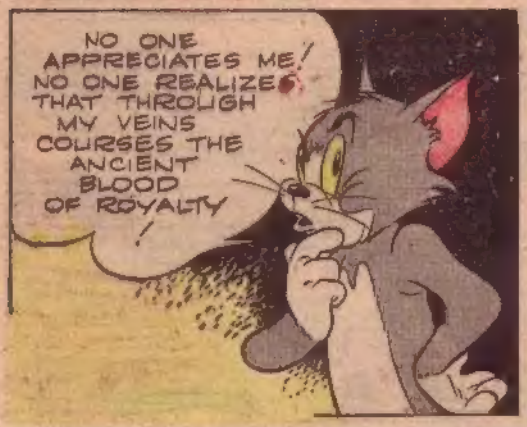
SOUNDS INTERESTING!

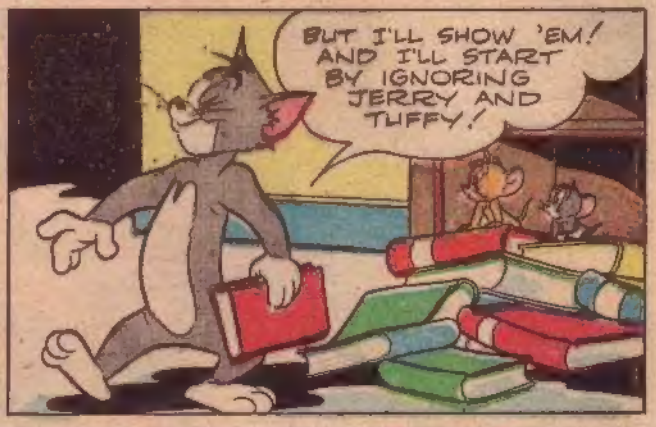

IT SAYS, "IN THE ORIENT CATS ARE CONSIDERED SACRED AND ARE TREATED AS ROYALTY."

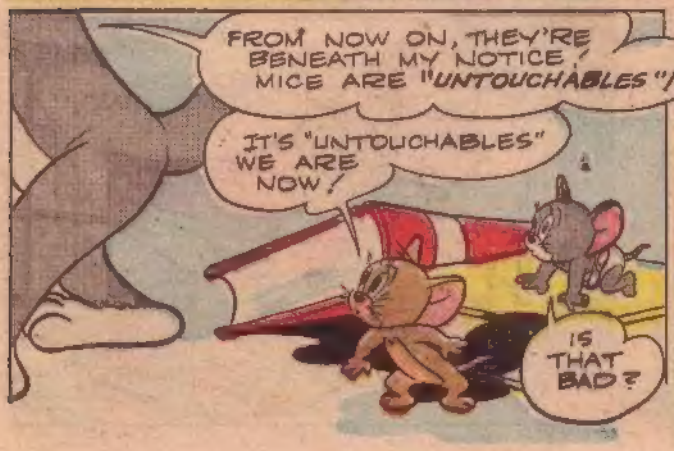
---WHY, THERE, IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO EVEN LOOK MEAN AT A CAT!

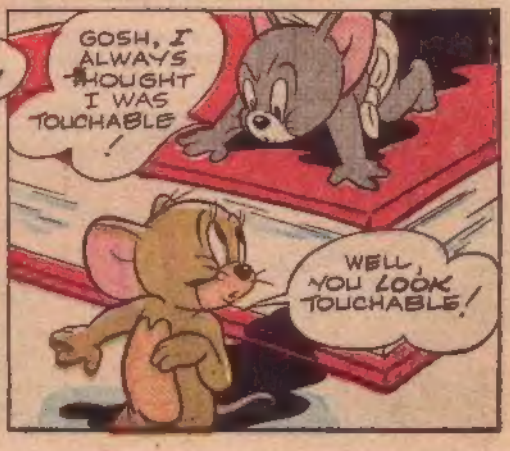
JUST LOOK AT THAT PAMPERED PRINCE OF PUSSDOM!

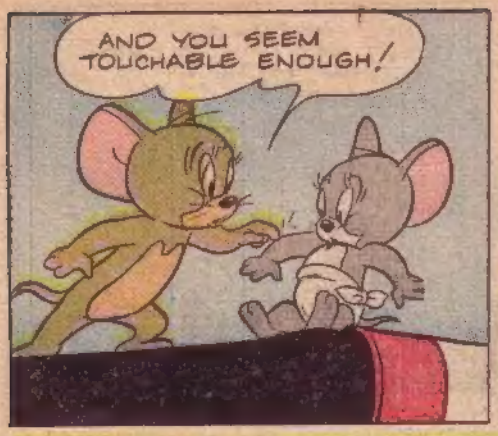

---AND LOOK AT THE MISERABLE WAY I HAVE TO LIVE!

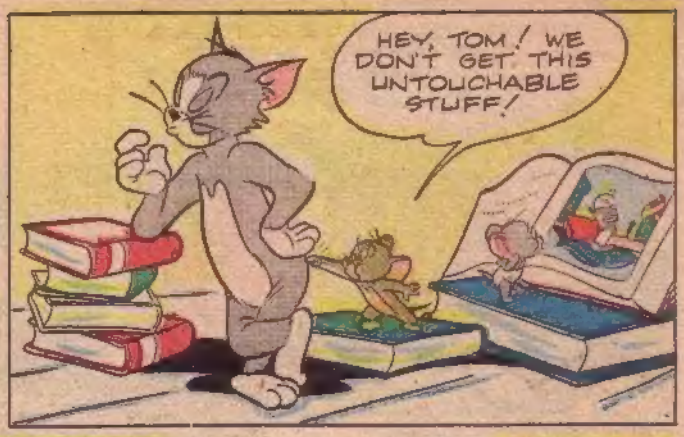

NO ONE APPRECIATES ME! NO ONE REALIZES THAT THROUGH MY VEINS COURSES THE ANCIENT BLOOD OF ROYALTY!

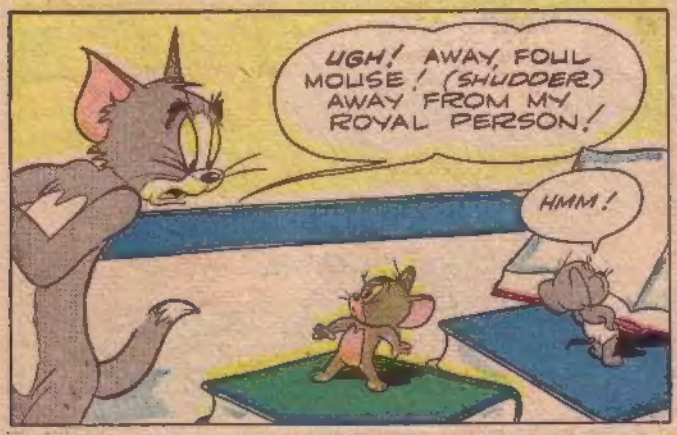

BUT I'LL SHOW 'EM! AND I'LL START BY IGNORING JERRY AND TUFFY!

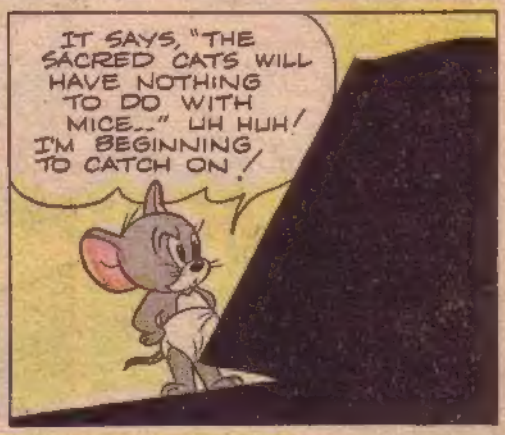

FROM NOW ON, THEY'RE BENEATH MY NOTICE! MICE ARE "UNTOUCHABLES"!
IT'S "UNTOUCHABLES" WE ARE NOW!
IS THAT BAD?

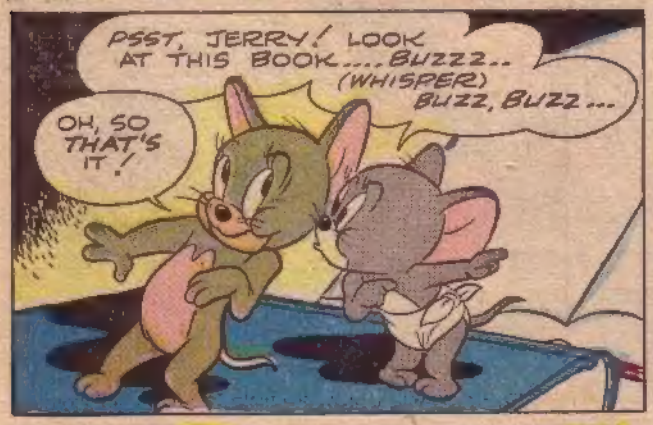

GOSH, I ALWAYS THOUGHT I WAS TOUCHABLE!
WELL, YOU LOOK TOUCHABLE!

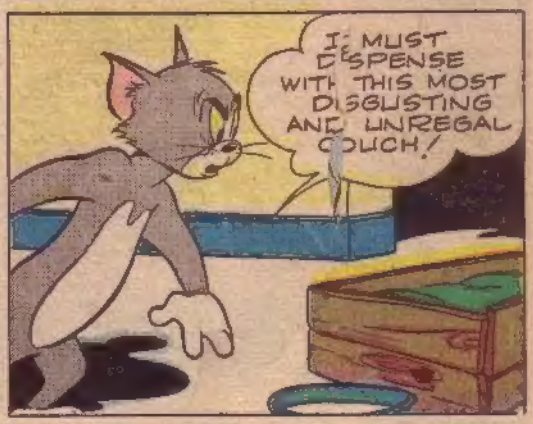

AND YOU SEEM TOUCHABLE ENOUGH!

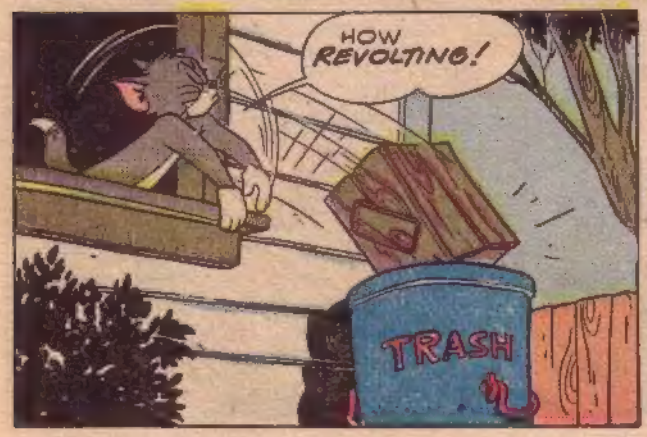

HEY, TOM! WE DON'T GET THIS UNTOUCHABLE STUFF!


UGH! AWAY, FOUL MOUSE! (SHUDDER) AWAY FROM MY ROYAL PERSON!
HMM!

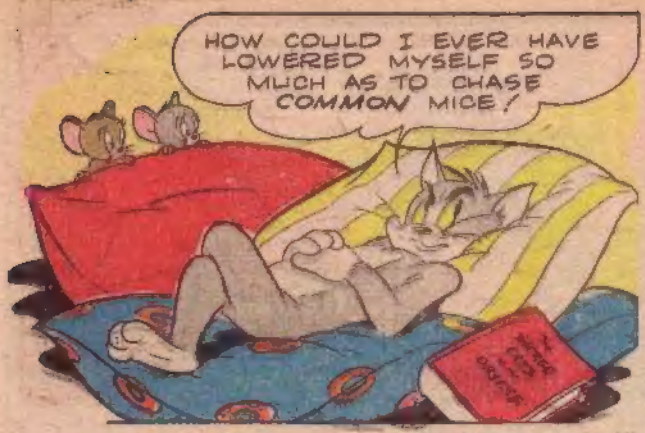

IT SAYS, "THE SACRED CATS WILL HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH MICE..." UH HUH! I'M BEGINNING TO CATCH ON!

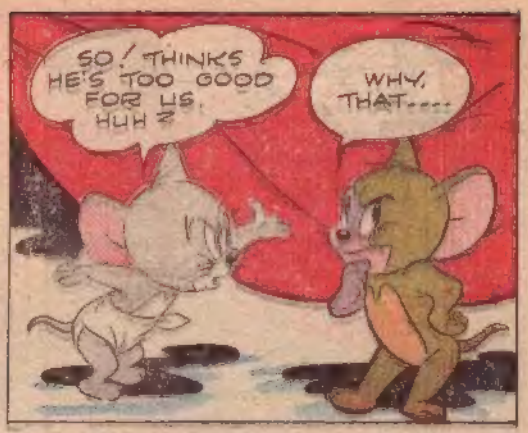

PSST, JERRY! LOOK AT THIS BOOK.... BUZZZ.. (WHISPER) BUZZ, BUZZ...
OH, SO THAT'S IT!


I MUST DISPENSE WITH THIS MOST DISGUSTING AND UNREGAL COUCH!


HOW REVOLTING!
TRASH

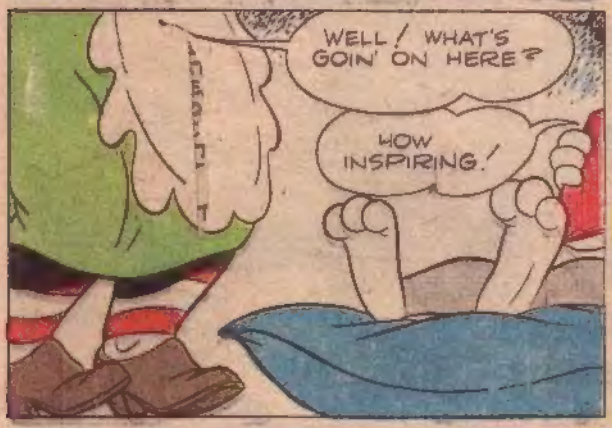
FROM NOW ON I'M SLEEPING ON THE BEST SILK PILLOWS IN THE HOUSE!

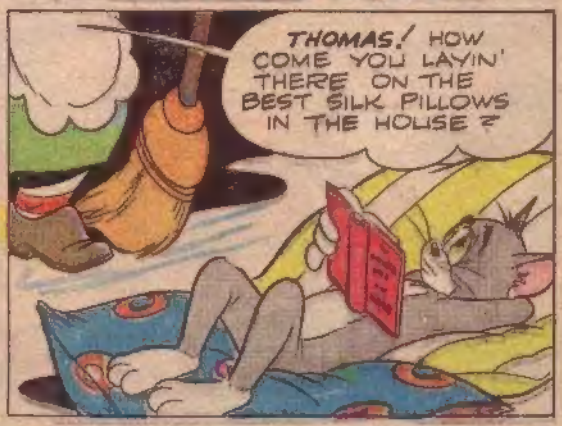

HOW COULD I EVER HAVE LOWERED MYSELF SO MUCH AS TO CHASE COMMON MICE!


SO! THINKS HE'S TOO GOOD FOR US, HUH?
WHY, THAT....

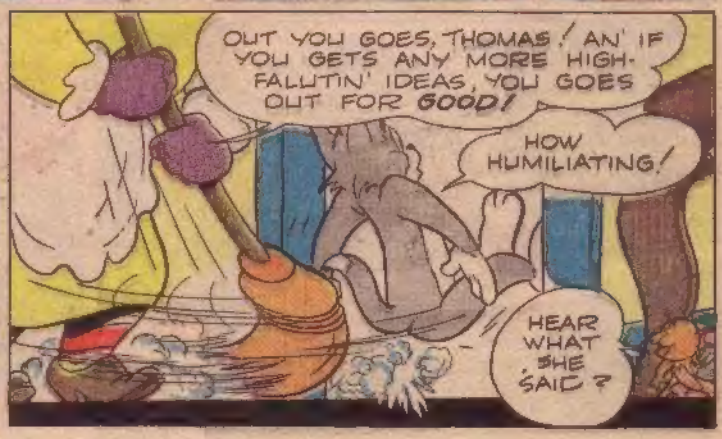
HEY, HERE COMES THE MAID! WE'D BETTER GET LOST!

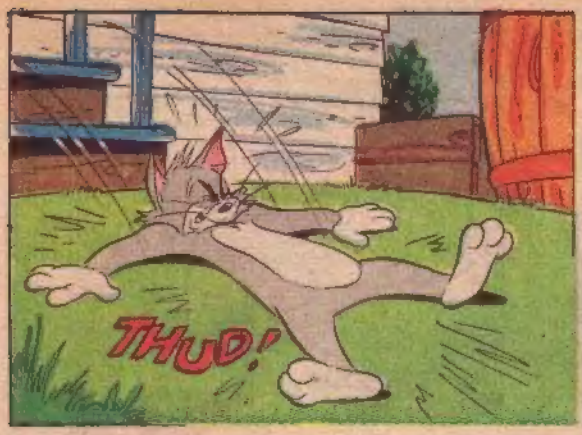
IT'S WONDERFUL WHAT THE RIGHT KIND OF READING CAN DO FOR ONE'S EGO!

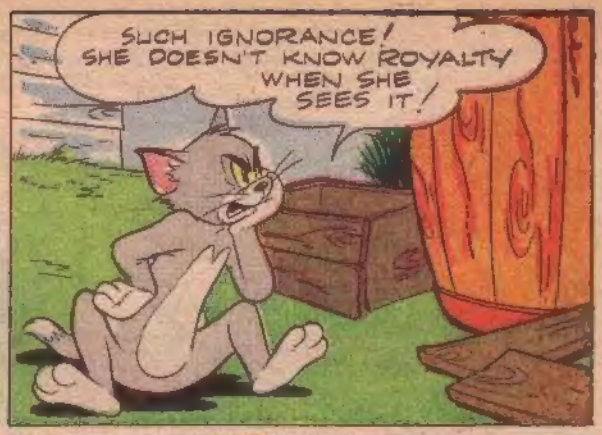

WELL! WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?
HOW INSPIRING!

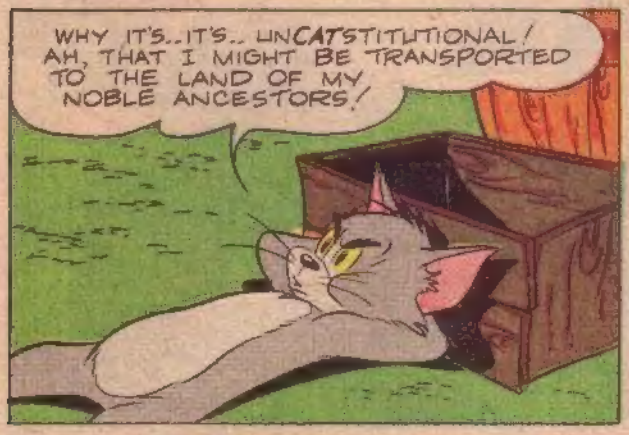

THOMAS! HOW COME YOU LAYIN' THERE ON THE BEST SILK PILLOWS IN THE HOUSE?

OH! THE SERVANTS ONE HAS TO ENDURE THESE DAYS! (SIGH)


OUT YOU GOES, THOMAS! AN' IF YOU GETS ANY MORE HIGH-FALUTIN' IDEAS, YOU GOES OUT FOR GOOD!
HOW HUMILIATING!
HEAR WHAT SHE SAID?


THUD!


SUCH IGNORANCE! SHE DOESN'T KNOW ROYALTY WHEN SHE SEES IT!

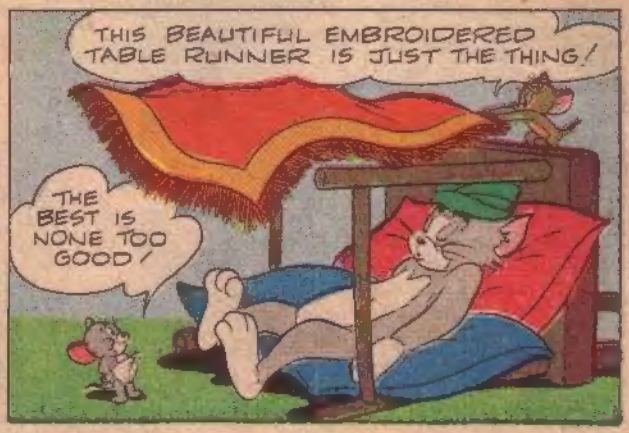

WHY IT'S..IT'S.. UNCATSTITUTIONAL! AH, THAT I MIGHT BE TRANSPORTED TO THE LAND OF MY NOBLE ANCESTORS!

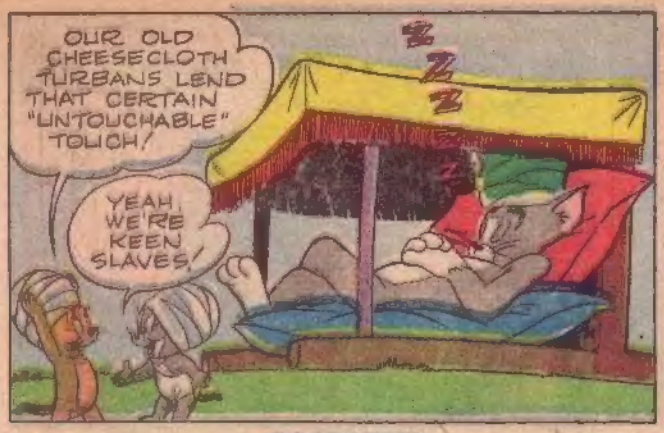
LITTLE DO THESE HALF-CASTES KNOW OF MY SOVEREIGN HERITAGE...Z.Z.Z.Z.Z.Z

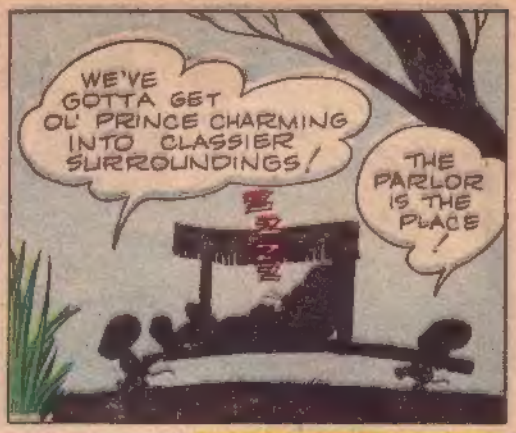
SOMETHING'S GOTTA BE DONE TO GET RID OF THIS BOGUS RAJAH!
YEAH, THERE'LL BE NO LIVING WITH HIM!
ZZZZZ

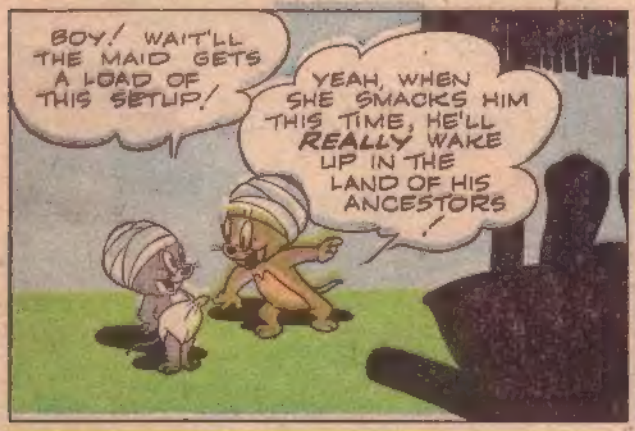
HEY, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! WE'LL FIX HIM UP.. BUT GOOD! LISTEN...

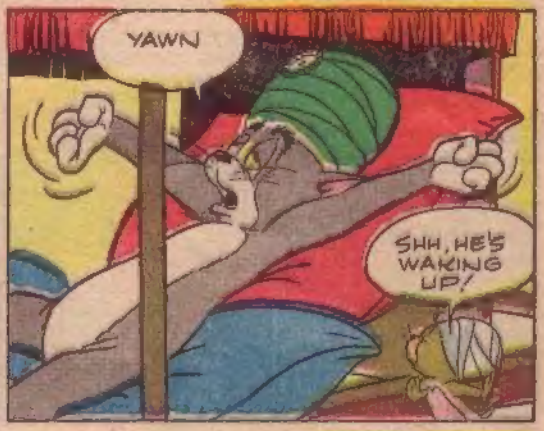
So..
GOTTA BE CAREFUL NOT TO WAKE HIM UP!
THIS SILK SCARF AND DIAMOND CLIP DOES IT!


THIS BEAUTIFUL EMBROIDERED TABLE RUNNER IS JUST THE THING!
THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD!


OUR OLD CHEESECLOTH TURBANS LEND THAT CERTAIN "UNTOUCHABLE" TOUCH!
YEAH, WE'RE KEEN SLAVES!


WE'VE GOTTA GET OL' PRINCE CHARMING INTO CLASSIER SURROUNDINGS!
THE PARLOR IS THE PLACE!

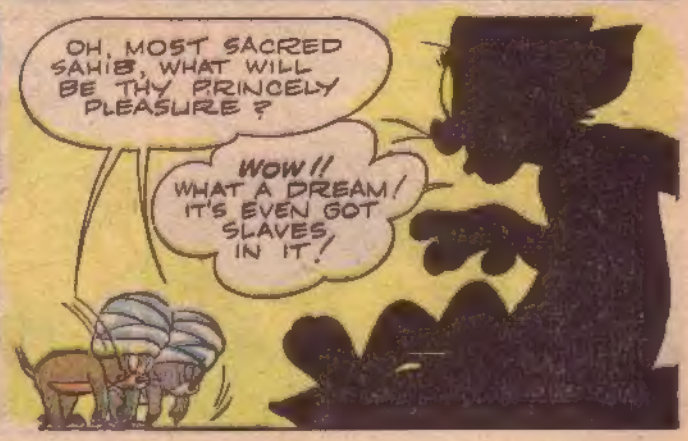

BOY! WAIT'LL THE MAID GETS A LOAD OF THIS SETUP!
YEAH, WHEN SHE SMACKS HIM THIS TIME, HE'LL REALLY WAKE UP IN THE LAND OF HIS ANCESTORS!


YAWN
SHH, HE'S WAKING UP!

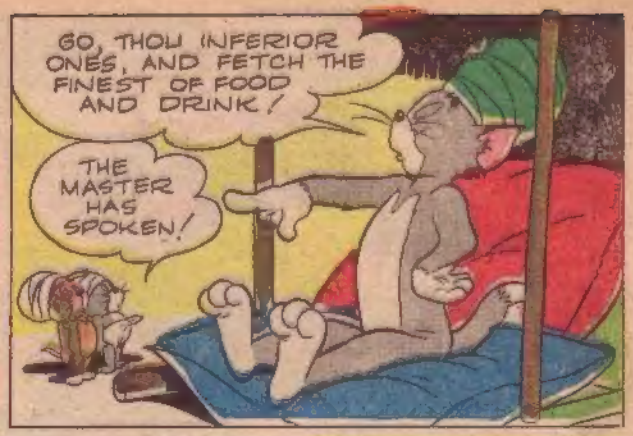
WHAT'S THIS? I DON'T GET IT!
HE'LL GET IT BEFORE LONG!

WHY--I-I AM HAVING A DREAM--A BEAUTIFUL DREAM!!

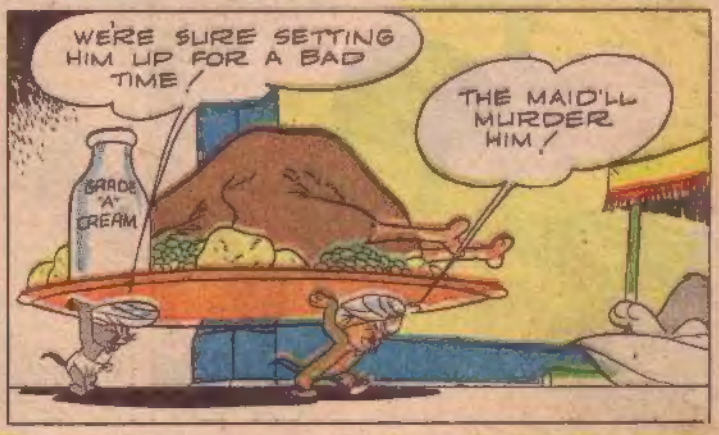
OKAY, NOW TO GO INTO OUR SLAVE ACT!


OH, MOST SACRED SAHIB, WHAT WILL BE THY PRINCELY PLEASURE?
WOW!! WHAT A DREAM! IT'S EVEN GOT SLAVES IN IT!

THIS ISN'T REAL, BUT I MAY AS WELL MAKE THE MOST OF IT!

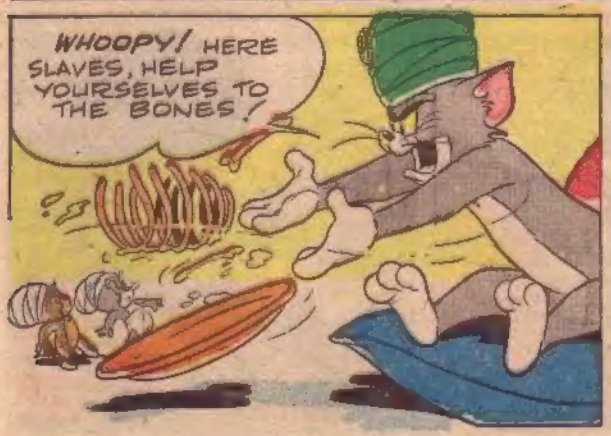

GO, THOU INFERIOR ONES, AND FETCH THE FINEST OF FOOD AND DRINK!
THE MASTER HAS SPOKEN!

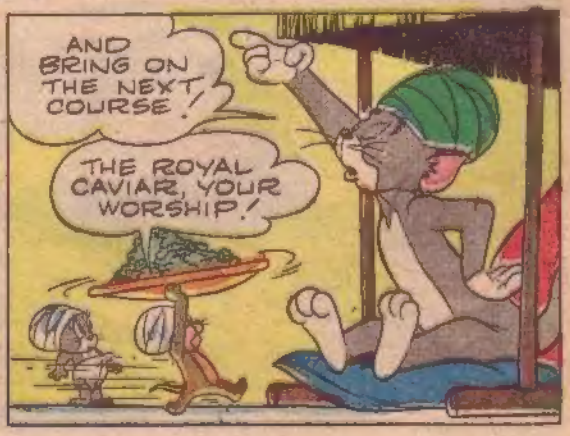
BOY, AM I HAVING A FANCY PHANTASY!

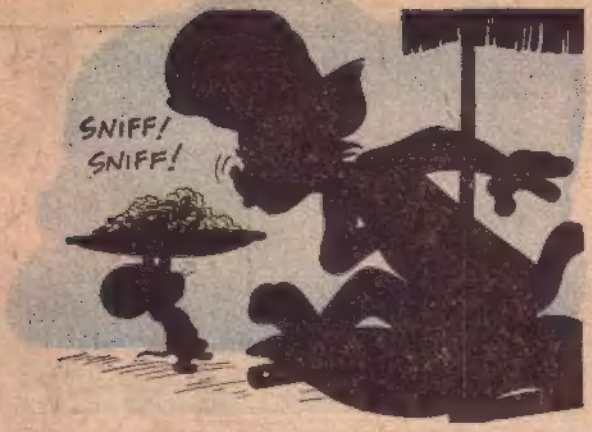

WE'RE SURE SETTING HIM UP FOR A BAD TIME!
THE MAID'LL MURDER HIM!
GRADE "A" CREAM

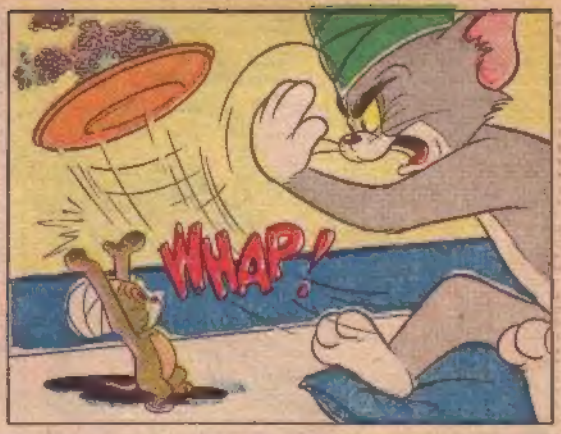
WHAT A (MUNCH) DELICIOUS DELECTABLE (CHOMP) DREAM!

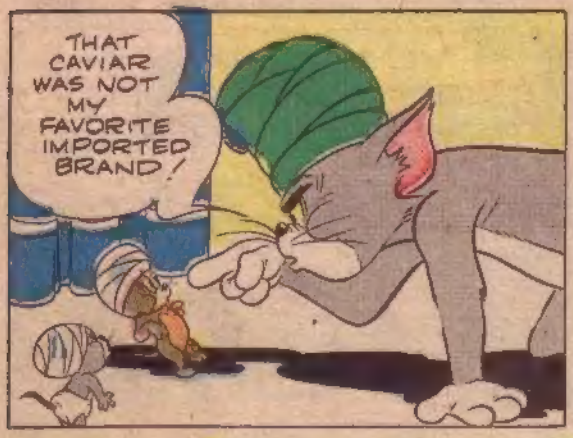
NO REASON TO BE NEAT (GLUG, GLUG) --ONLY A DREAM!


WHOOPY! HERE SLAVES, HELP YOURSELVES TO THE BONES!

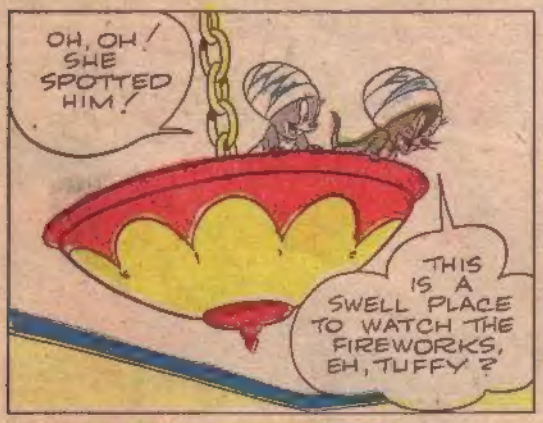

AND BRING ON THE NEXT COURSE!
THE ROYAL CAVIAR, YOUR WORSHIP!


SNIFF! SNIFF!


WHAP!


THAT CAVIAR WAS NOT MY FAVORITE IMPORTED BRAND!

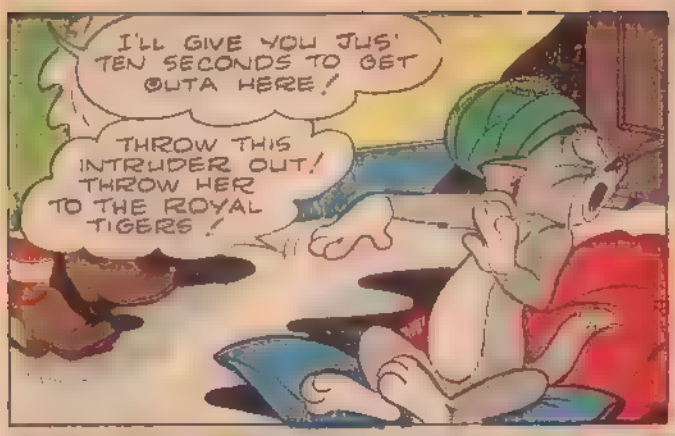
THE SERVICE AROUND HERE HAD BETTER IMPROVE, OR HEADS WILL ROLL!
HEY, JERRY.. THE MAID! DUCK!

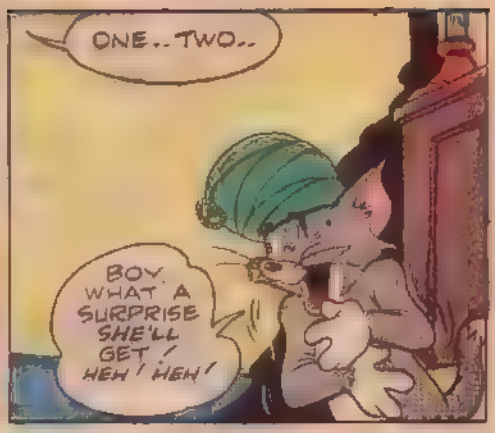

OH, OH! SHE SPOTTED HIM!
THIS IS A SWELL PLACE TO WATCH THE FIREWORKS, EH, TUFFY?

NO! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

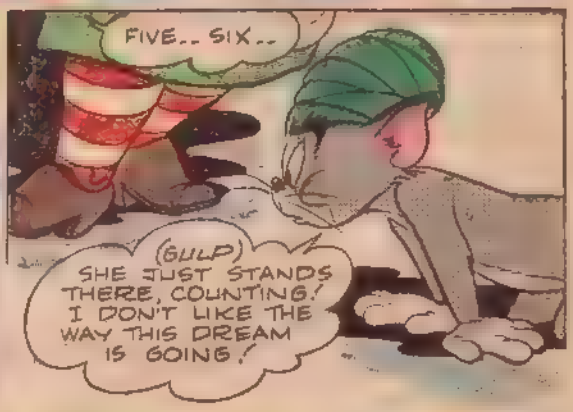
ER.. YOUR HIGHNESS, MIGHT I BE SO BOLD AS TO INQUIRE WHAT AM THE GRAND OCCASION FOR THIS ROYAL MESS?

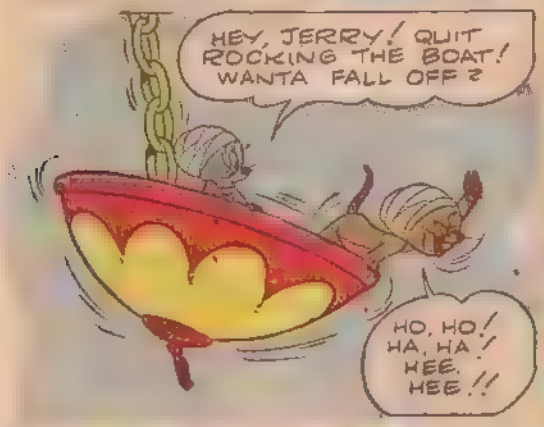
SLAVES! SLAVES!
CLAP! CLAP!
I DON'T WANT HER IN MY DREAM!


I'LL GIVE YOU JUS' TEN SECONDS TO GET OUTA HERE!
THROW THIS INTRUDER OUT! THROW HER TO THE ROYAL TIGERS!

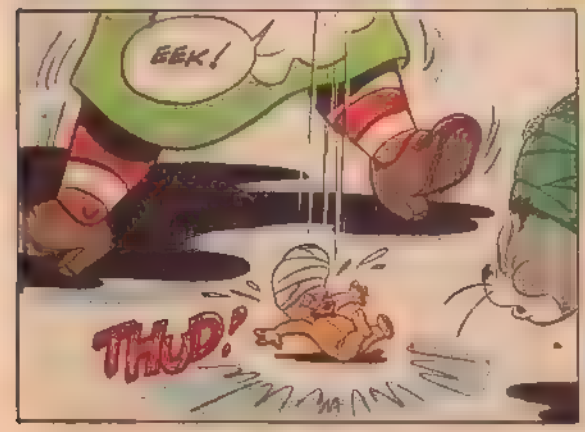

ONE.. TWO..
BOY, WHAT A SURPRISE SHE'LL GET! HEH! HEH!

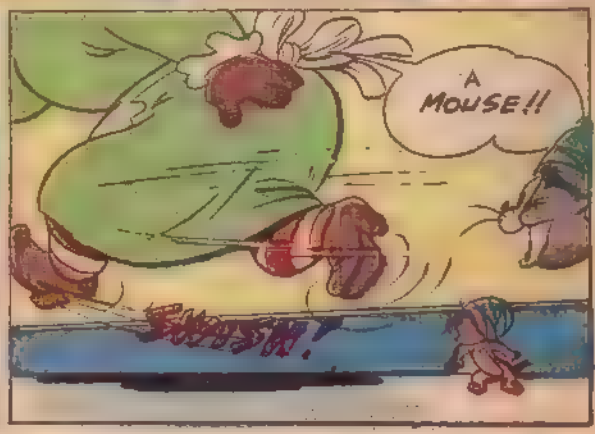
THREE.. FOUR..
HMM! SHE'S STILL THERE.. WHERE ARE THOSE SLAVES?

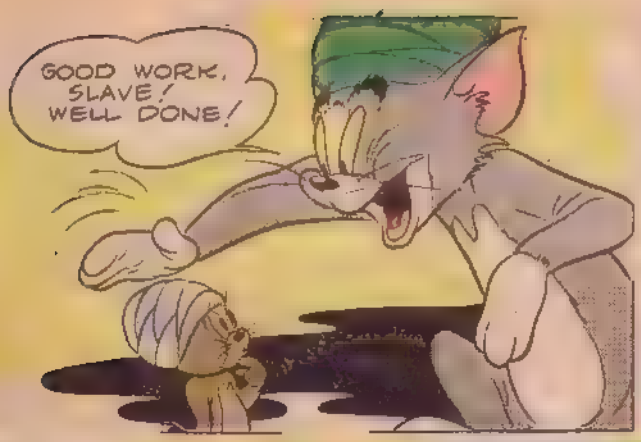

FIVE.. SIX..
(GULP) SHE JUST STANDS THERE, COUNTING! I DON'T LIKE THE WAY THIS DREAM IS GOING!


HEY, JERRY! QUIT ROCKING THE BOAT! WANTA FALL OFF?
HO, HO! HA, HA! HEE, HEE!!

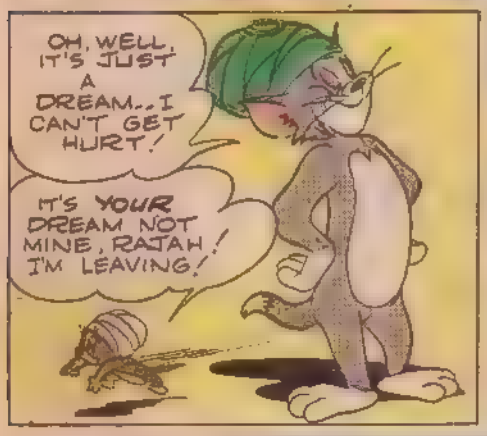
I KNEW HE'D FALL! HE'S GONNA LAND RIGHT BETWEEN 'EM!

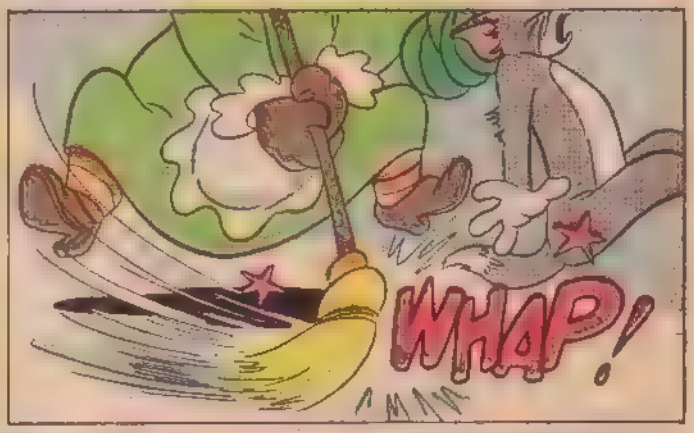

EEK!
THUD!

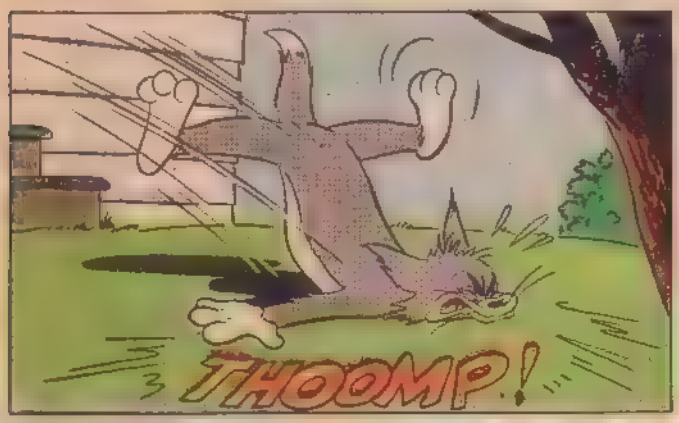

A MOUSE!!
SWOOSH!

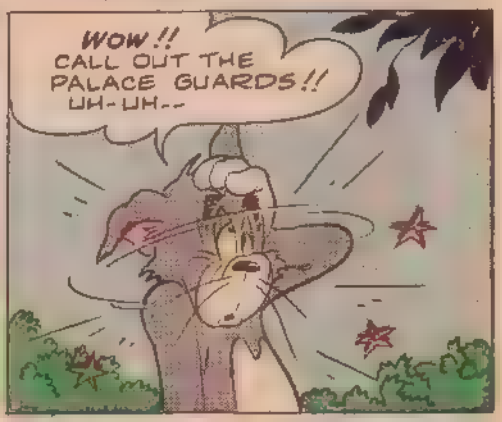

GOOD WORK, SLAVE! WELL DONE!

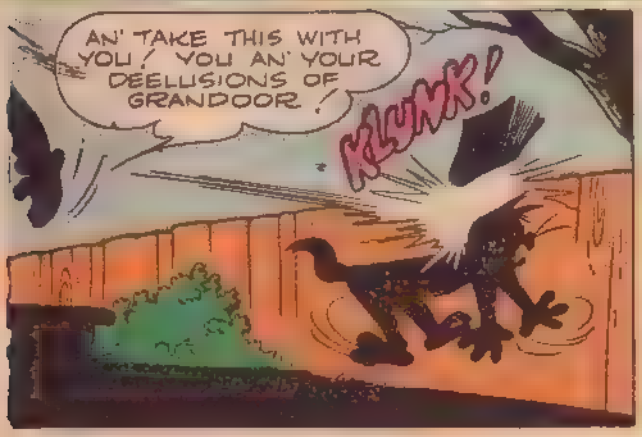
YEAH, BUT HERE SHE COMES BACK SWINGING THAT BROOM, AN' SHE AIN'T JUST SWEEPING!

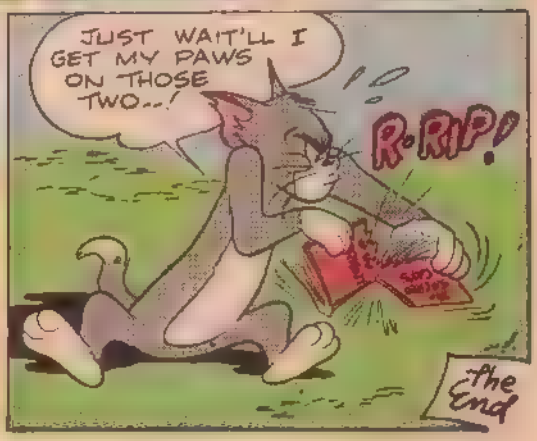

OH, WELL, IT'S JUST A DREAM.. I CAN'T GET HURT!
IT'S YOUR DREAM NOT MINE, RAJAH! I'M LEAVING!

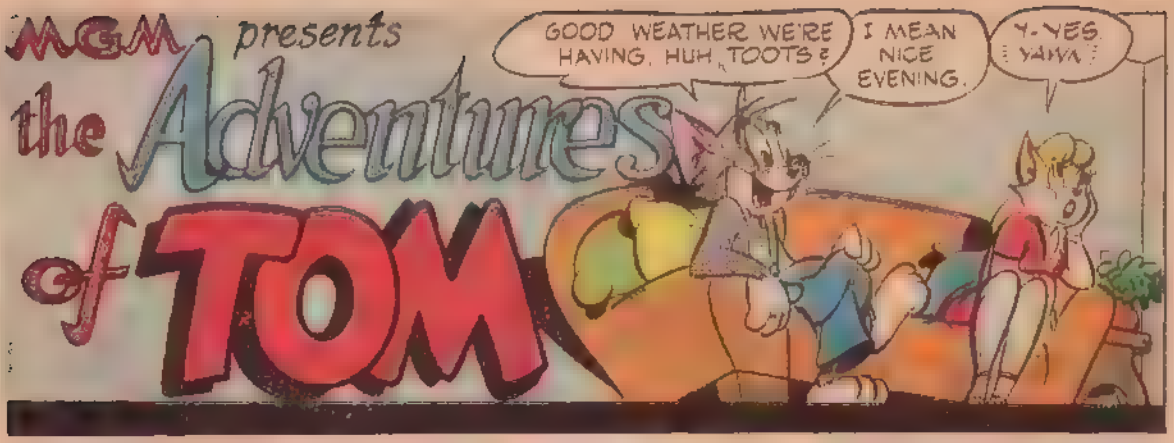

WHAP!

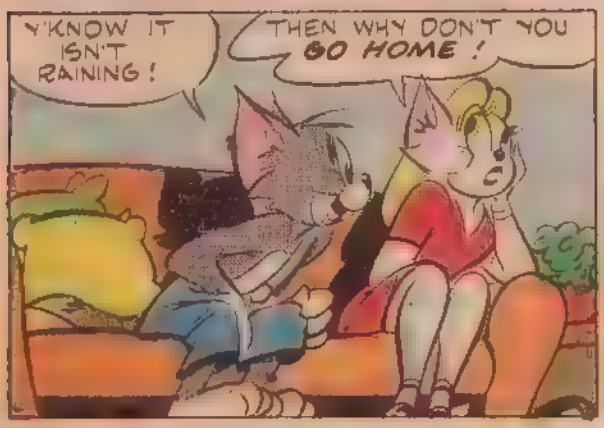

THOOMP!

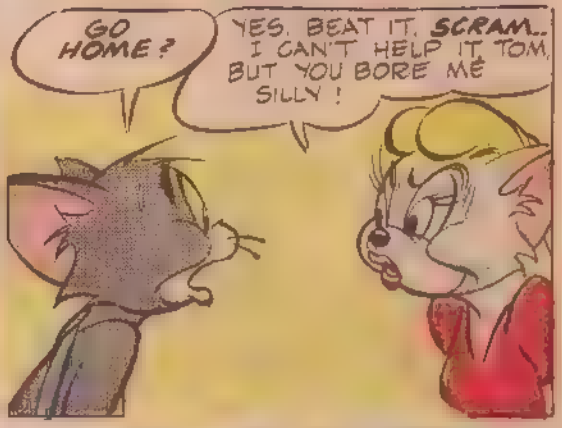

WOW!! CALL OUT THE PALACE GUARDS!! UH-UH--

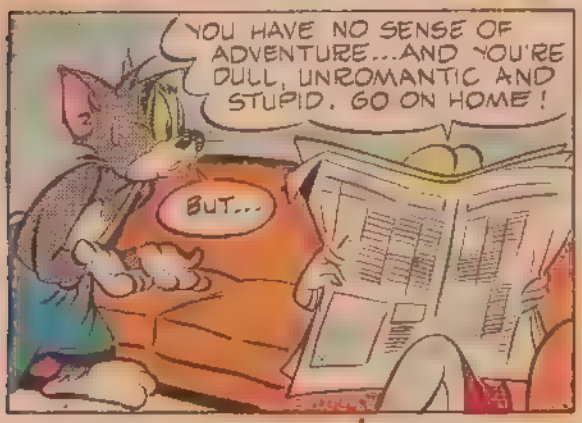

AN' TAKE THIS WITH YOU! YOU AN' YOUR DEELUSIONS OF GRANDOOR!
KLUNK!

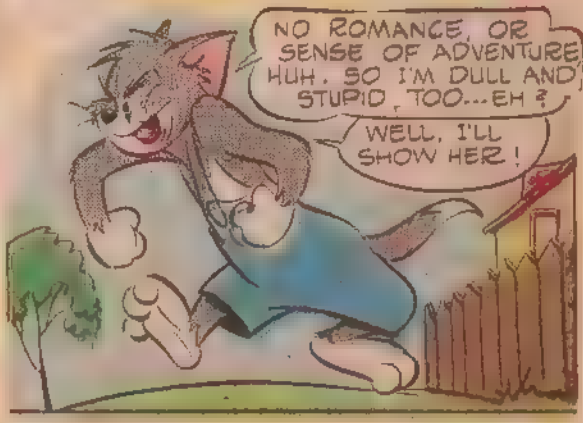

JUST WAIT'LL I GET MY PAWS ON THOSE TWO..!
R-RIP!
The End

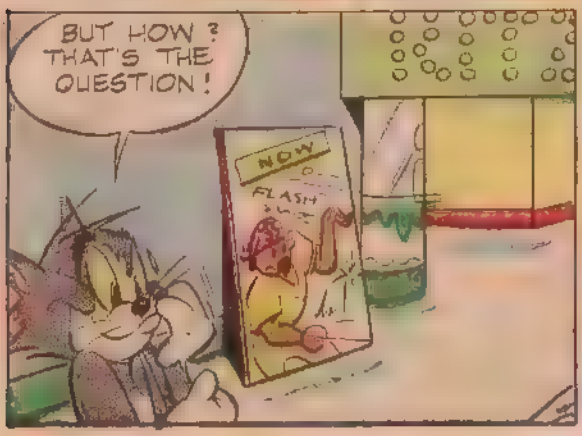

MGM presents
the Adventures of TOM
GOOD WEATHER WE'RE HAVING, HUH, TOOTS?
I MEAN NICE EVENING.
Y-YES. YAHA!

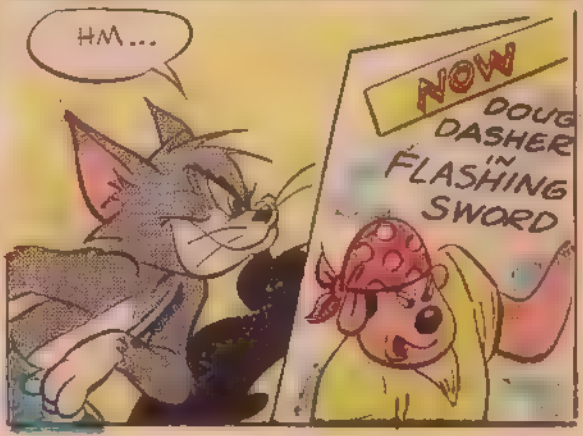

Y'KNOW IT ISN'T RAINING!
THEN WHY DON'T YOU GO HOME!

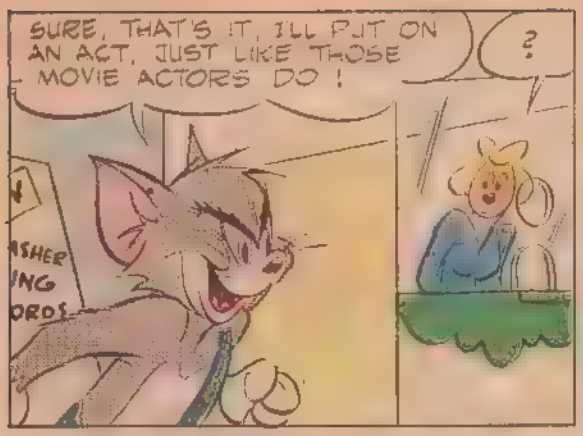

GO HOME?
YES, BEAT IT, SCRAM... I CAN'T HELP IT, TOM, BUT YOU BORE ME SILLY!

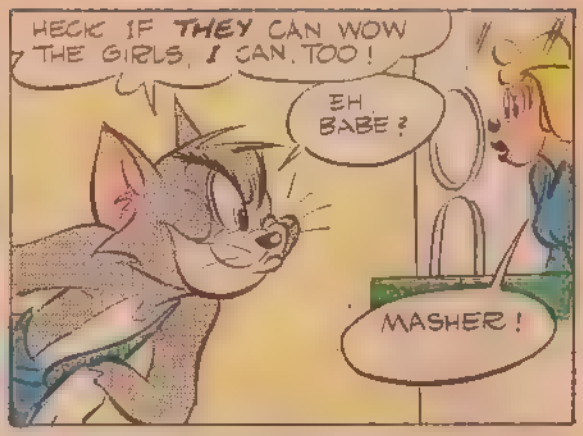

YOU HAVE NO SENSE OF ADVENTURE...AND YOU'RE DULL, UNROMANTIC AND STUPID. GO ON HOME!
BUT...


NO ROMANCE, OR SENSE OF ADVENTURE, HUH. SO I'M DULL AND STUPID, TOO...EH?
WELL, I'LL SHOW HER!

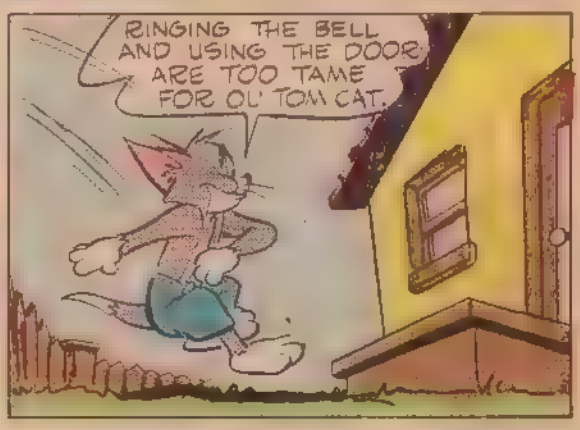

BUT HOW? THAT'S THE QUESTION!
NOW
FLASH

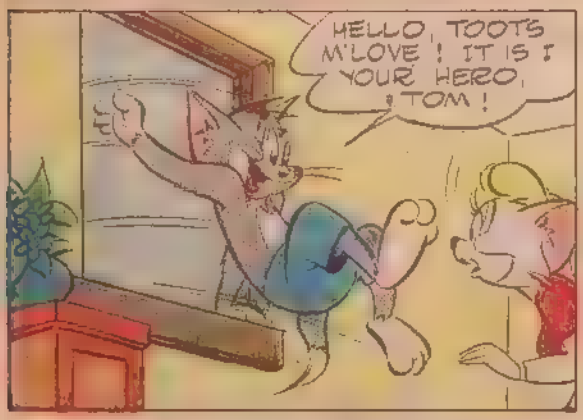

HM...
NOW
DOUG DASHER IN FLASHING SWORD

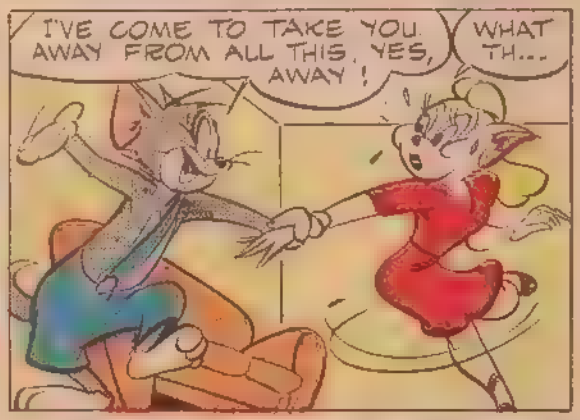

SURE, THAT'S IT, I'LL PUT ON AN ACT, JUST LIKE THOSE MOVIE ACTORS DO!
?

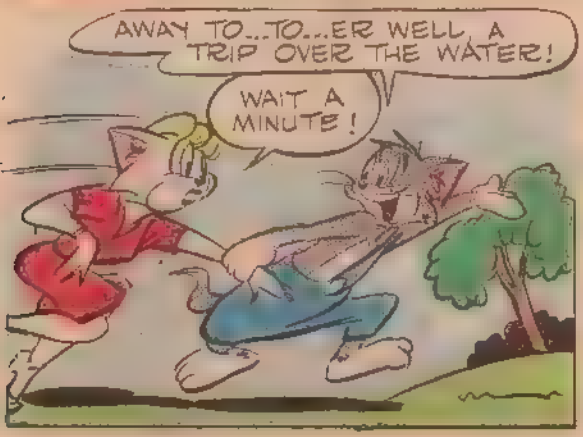

HECK IF THEY CAN WOW THE GIRLS, I CAN, TOO!
EH BABE?
MASHER!

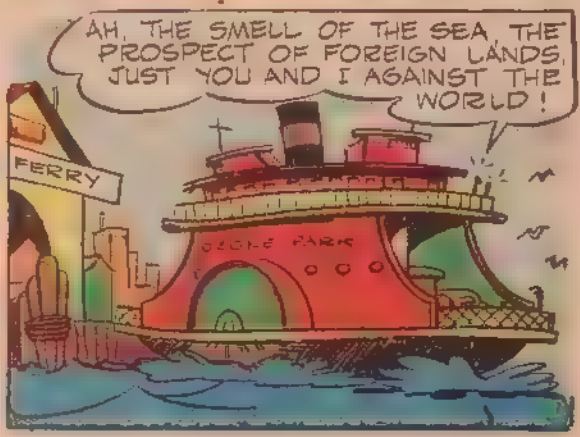
I'LL GET RIGHT BACK TO TOOTS AND TURN ON THE OLD PERSON-ALITY!

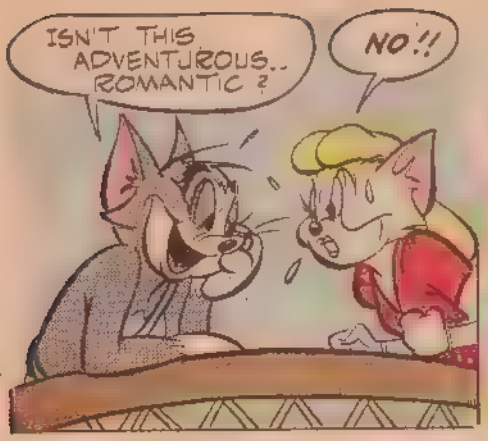

RINGING THE BELL AND USING THE DOOR ARE TOO TAME FOR OL' TOM CAT.


HELLO, TOOTS M'LOVE! IT IS I YOUR HERO, TOM!

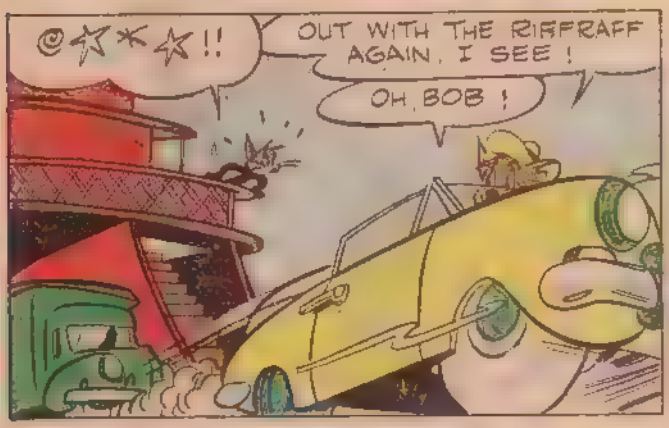

I'VE COME TO TAKE YOU AWAY FROM ALL THIS, YES, AWAY!
WHAT TH...

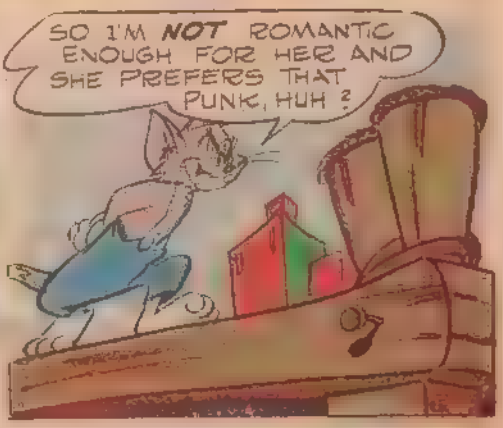

AWAY TO...TO...ER WELL, A TRIP OVER THE WATER!
WAIT A MINUTE!

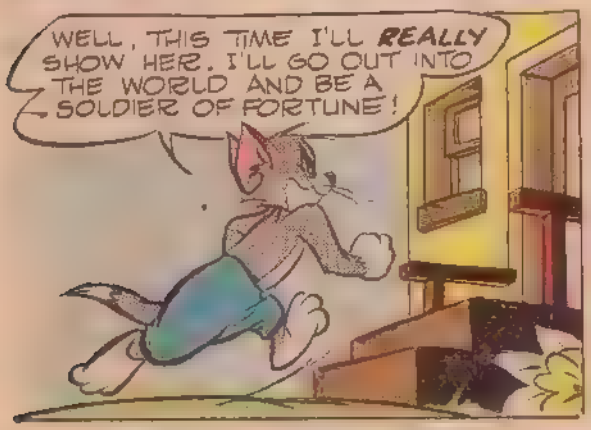

AH, THE SMELL OF THE SEA, THE PROSPECT OF FOREIGN LANDS, JUST YOU AND I AGAINST THE WORLD!
FERRY

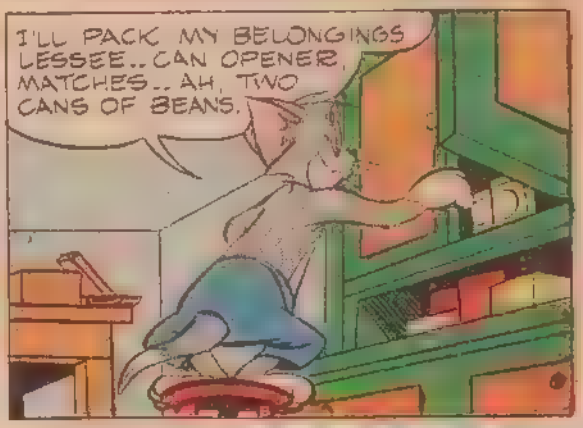

ISN'T THIS ADVENTUROUS.. ROMANTIC ?
NO !!

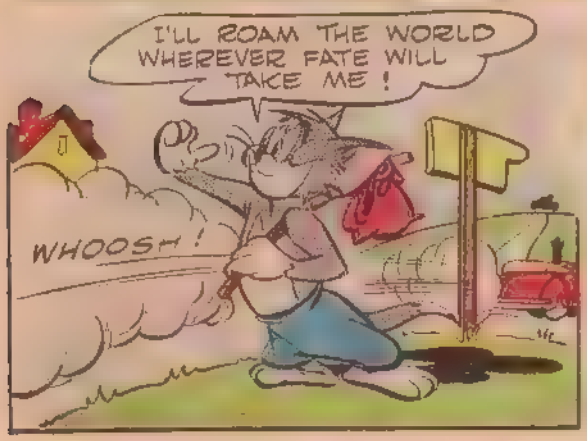
HI, TOOTS, WOULD YOU LIKE A LIFT ?
?
WHY, BOB CAT... I CERTAINLY WOULD !


©☆*☆!!
OUT WITH THE RIFFRAFF AGAIN, I SEE !
OH, BOB !

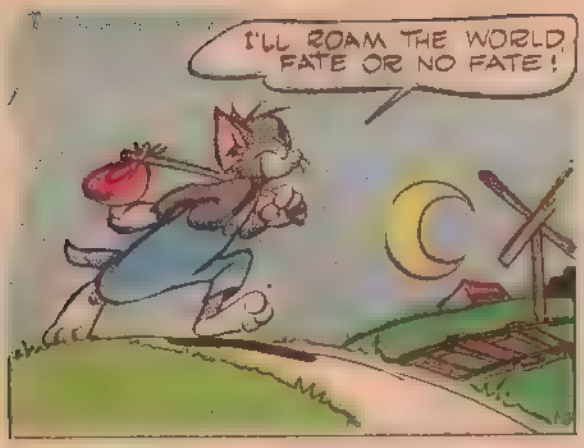

SO I'M NOT ROMANTIC ENOUGH FOR HER AND SHE PREFERS THAT PUNK, HUH ?


WELL, THIS TIME I'LL REALLY SHOW HER. I'LL GO OUT INTO THE WORLD AND BE A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE !


I'LL PACK MY BELONGINGS LESSEE.. CAN OPENER, MATCHES.. AH, TWO CANS OF BEANS.

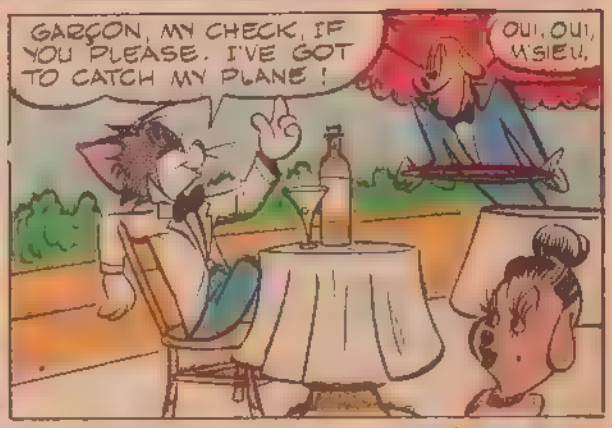

I'LL ROAM THE WORLD WHEREVER FATE WILL TAKE ME !
WHOOSH !

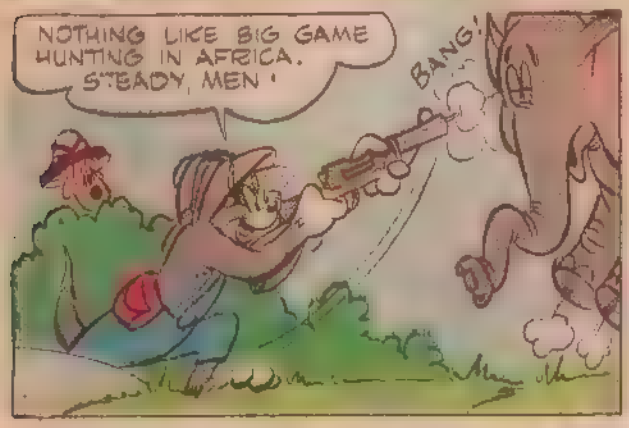
©✱*!!
WHOOSH !

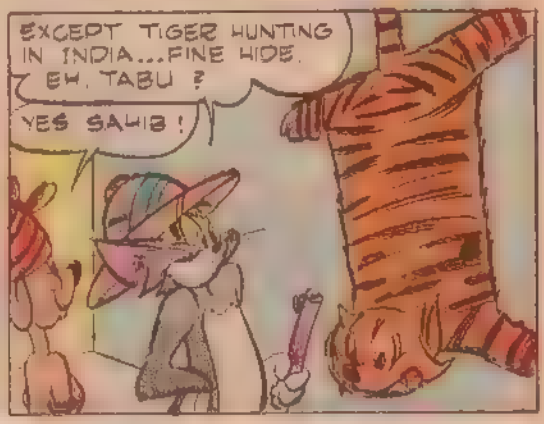

I'LL ROAM THE WORLD, FATE OR NO FATE!

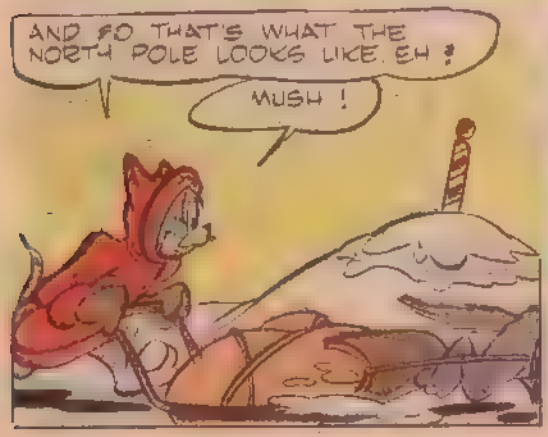
I'LL COOK MY FOOD OVER AN OPEN FIRE, FOR IT'S A MAN'S WORLD!

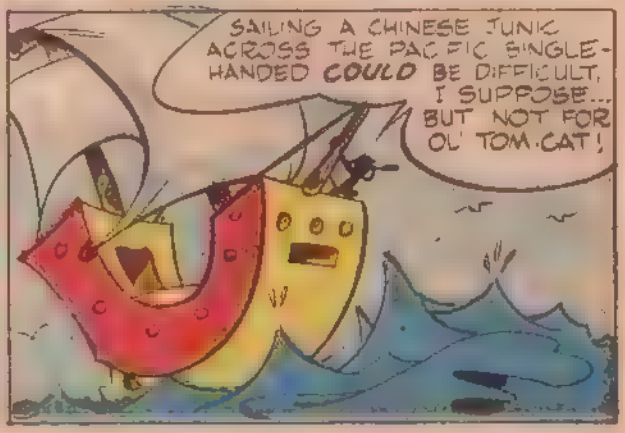
YES SIR, I'LL GO ALL OVER THE WORLD, PLACES LIKE LONDON, PARIS.. ...BZZ...ZZZ...

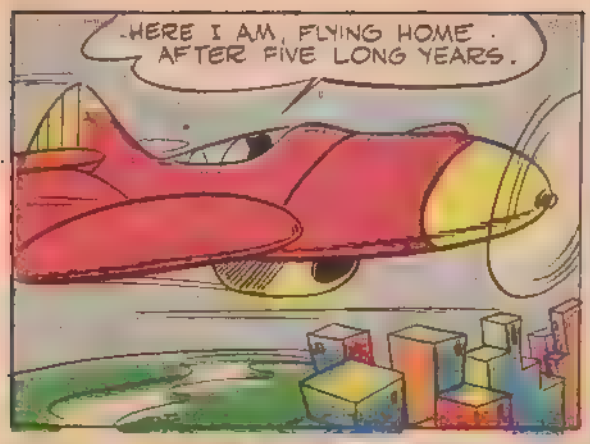

GARÇON, MY CHECK, IF YOU PLEASE. I'VE GOT TO CATCH MY PLANE!
OUI, OUI, M'SIEU.

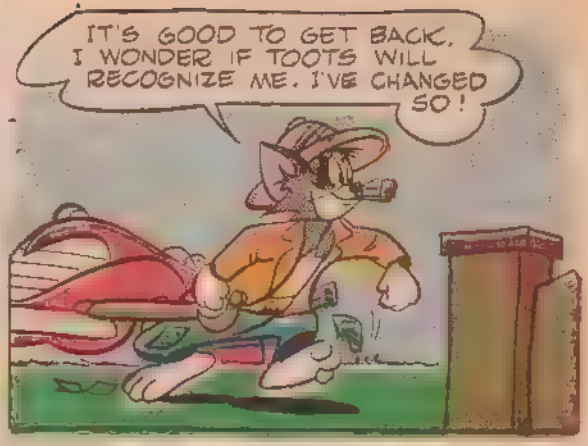

NOTHING LIKE BIG GAME HUNTING IN AFRICA. STEADY, MEN!
BANG!

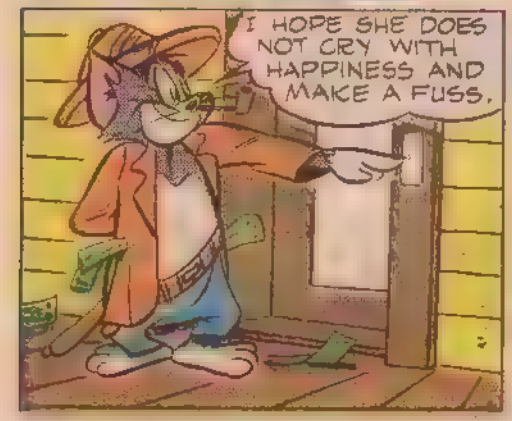

EXCEPT TIGER HUNTING IN INDIA...FINE HIDE. EH, TABU?
YES SAHIB!

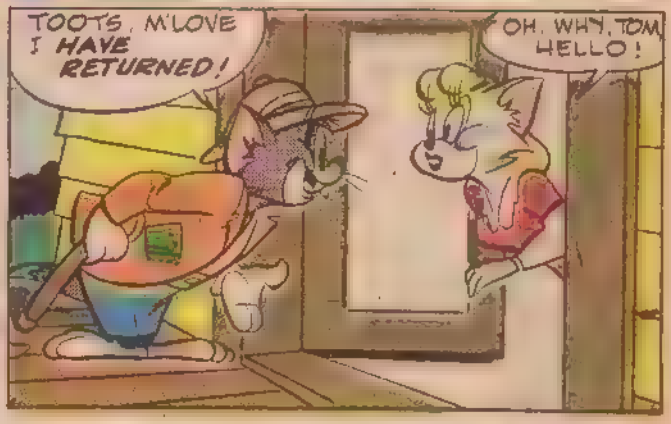

AND SO THAT'S WHAT THE NORTH POLE LOOKS LIKE, EH?
MUSH!

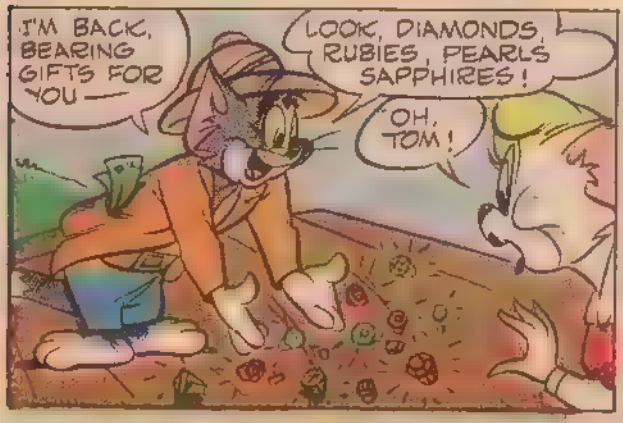

SAILING A CHINESE JUNK ACROSS THE PACIFIC SINGLE-HANDED COULD BE DIFFICULT, I SUPPOSE... BUT NOT FOR OL' TOM-CAT!

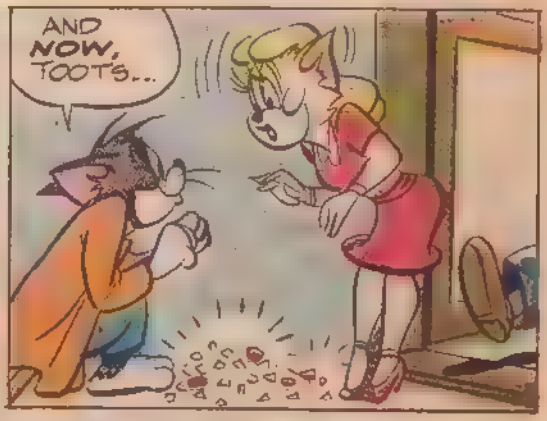

HERE I AM, FLYING HOME AFTER FIVE LONG YEARS.

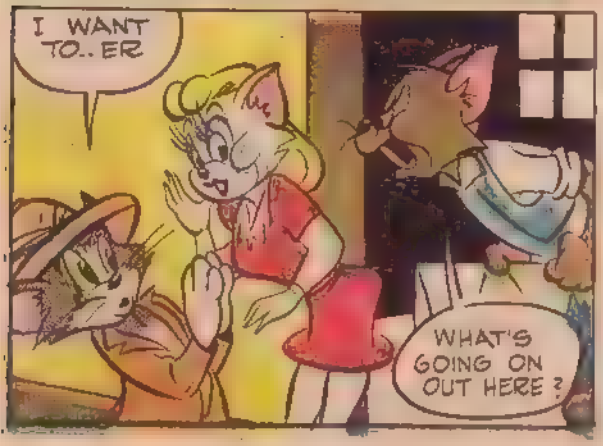

IT'S GOOD TO GET BACK. I WONDER IF TOOTS WILL RECOGNIZE ME. I'VE CHANGED SO!

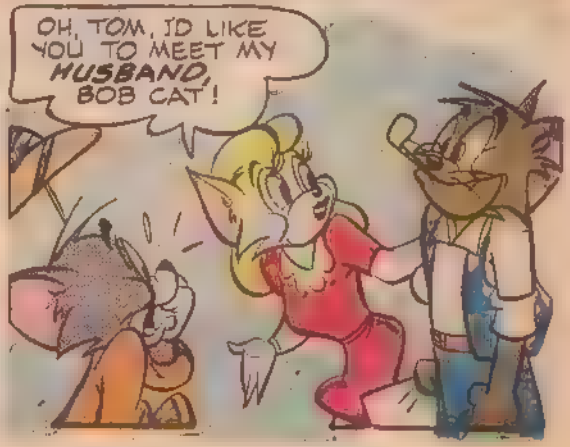

I HOPE SHE DOES NOT CRY WITH HAPPINESS AND MAKE A FUSS.

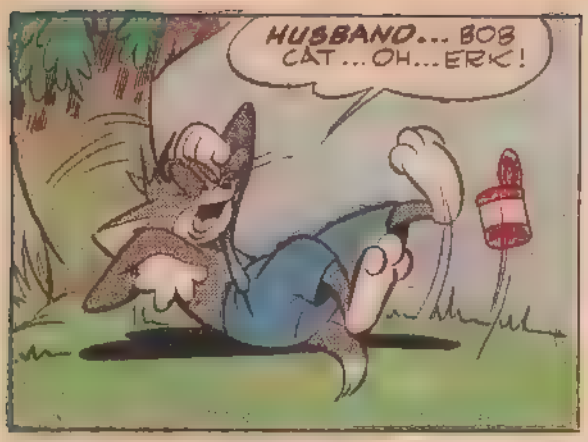

TOOTS, M'LOVE I HAVE RETURNED!
OH, WHY, TOM, HELLO!

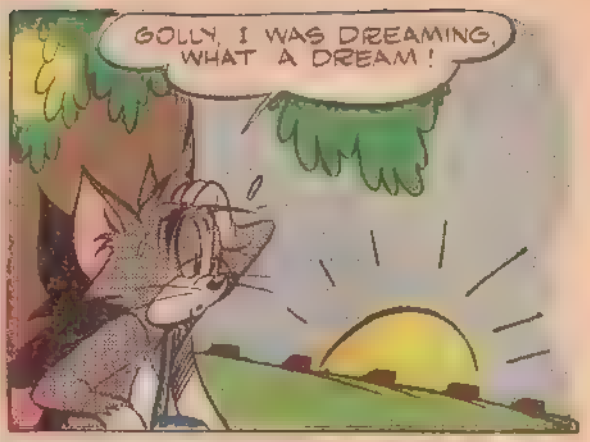

I'M BACK, BEARING GIFTS FOR YOU—
LOOK, DIAMONDS, RUBIES, PEARLS SAPPHIRES!
OH, TOM!

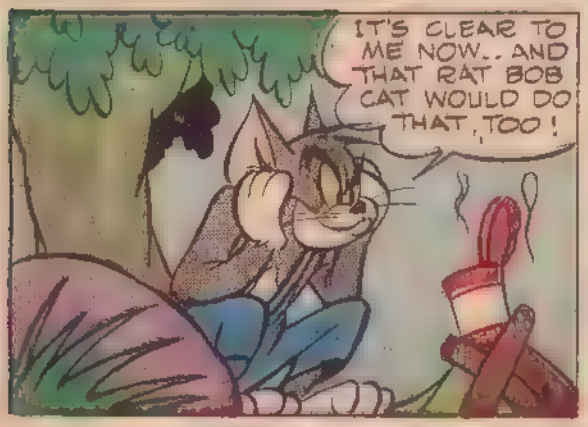

AND NOW, TOOTS...

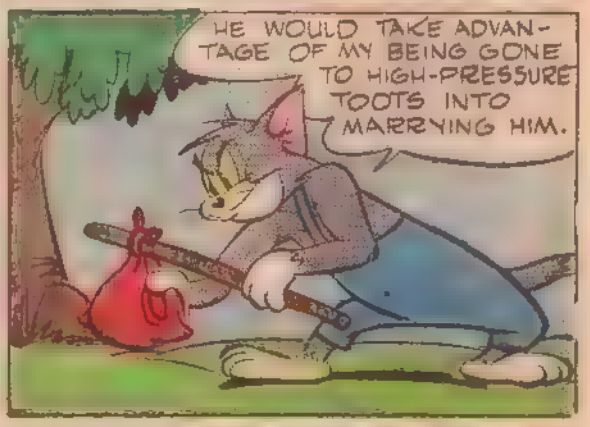

I WANT TO.. ER
WHAT'S GOING ON OUT HERE?

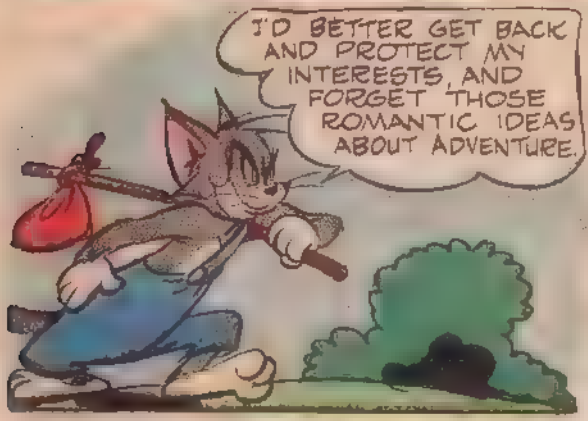

OH, TOM, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MY HUSBAND, BOB CAT!

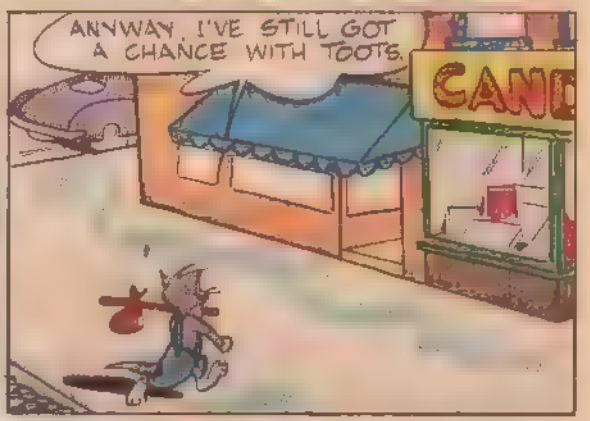


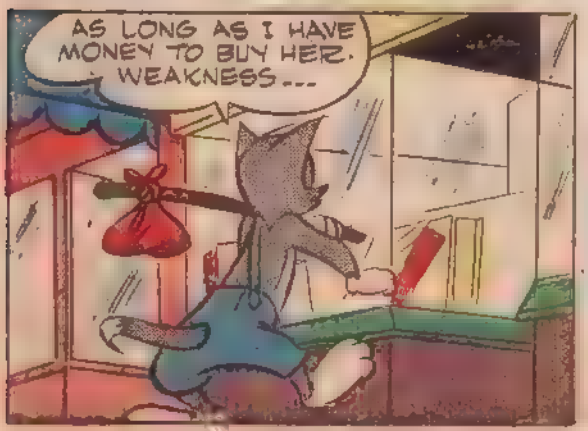




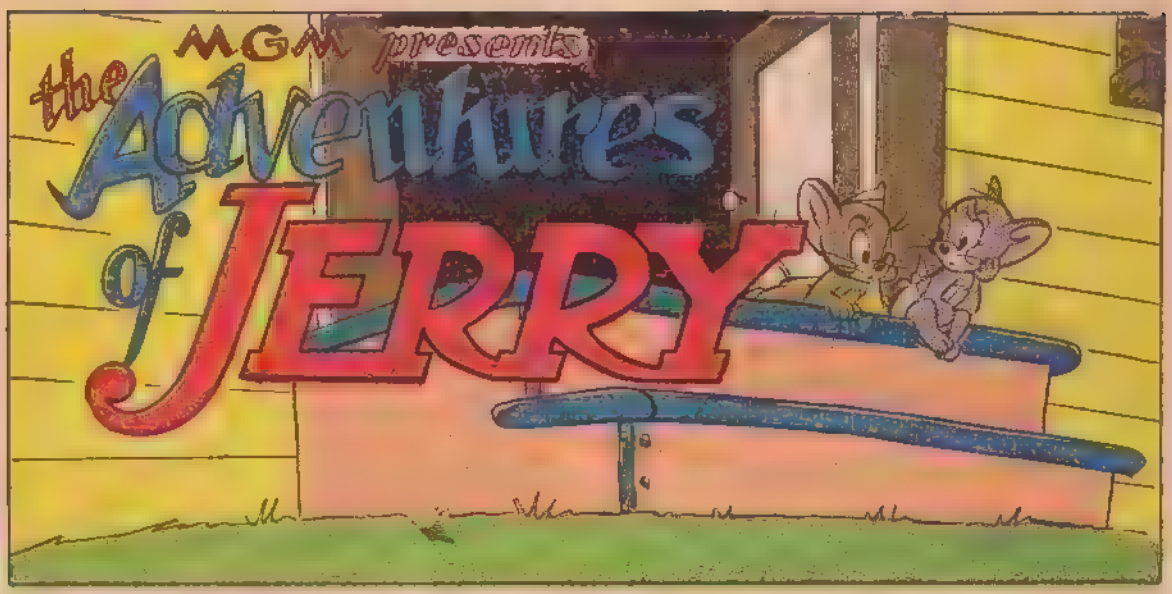








M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated



Jerry and Tuffy were sitting on the back stoop. Spring was in the air and the shouts and whistles of school children could be heard echoing off the street. There seemed to be a hustle and bustle everywhere, and the two little mice were having a touch of Spring Fever. They both felt full of ambition. This was such a strange state of affairs that they were both bewildered.

"I wonder what's the matter with me?" questioned Jerry. "I even feel like working."

"Working?" squeaked Tuffy. "What does that mean? It has a horrible sound."

"Well," pondered Jerry, "it's sort of hard to explain. Generally, if you work, you take a job . . . and that means doing something for someone else that they are too lazy to do for themselves. Of course, there is skilled work; too that means doing something that you do better than others."

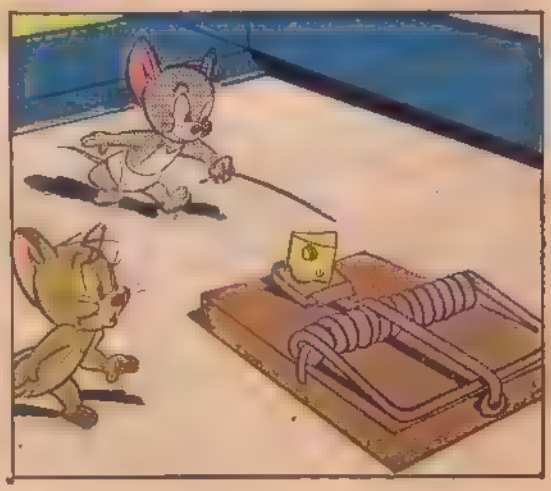
"Humph," sniffed Tuffy, who had listened very carefully. "That's a crummy idea. I certainly don't want to do anyone else's dirty work, and, as for doing something better than anyone else . . . that's a laugh! What could a little mouse do?"

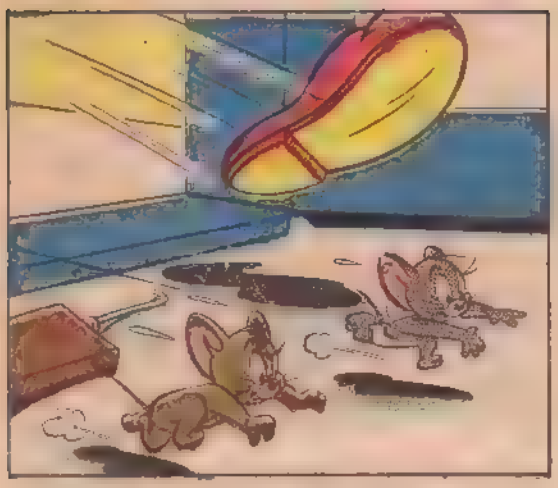
"I don't really know," answered his pal, "but there must be something. I think I'll start reading the newspapers. Maybe if someone wants some mice to work, they'll say so in the paper."

"You're nuts," snickered Tuffy. "Why work when we don't need anything? C'mon, they've just put a new mousetrap in the pantry, and there's a nifty piece of cheese in it. I was going to keep it for myself, but from the way you're acting, you're the one that needs a square meal."

The mice entered the house. Jerry took a straw from the kitchen broom, and tickled the trap . . . SNAP! it went. Then the two lifted the cheese out of the trap. They had a fine meal.

The snap of the mousetrap had been heard by the lady of the house. The mice hid in the corner to watch her come running. She always got so angry when the little mice stole the cheese out of her traps, and Jerry and Tuffy loved to tease her.





"Better luck next time!" they squeaked, and then scampered off. The lady's shoes followed them . . . but the lady wasn't in them. The little mice dodged the shoes. "My, what big feet!" giggled Tuffy, as he and Jerry ducked into their hole . . . "Her aim gets worse and worse," gasped Jerry. "Boy, she sure doesn't like us much!"

That night when Jerry and Tuffy went out for their midnight snack, the evening paper was lying on the table Jerry ate a slice of cake, fresh from the cakebox. While he ate, he sat on the newspaper. Jerry was a tidy little mouse, and didn't like to scatter crumbs around. Suddenly, he called to Tuffy, "Hey, look, here's just the thing! It says right here in the paper that they need mice to do important work."

"What kind of work?" questioned the suspicious Tuffy.

"I don't exactly know," said Jerry. "I'll read some more . . . Well, it says that a Professor Flubdub is trying to find out which animals are the smartest He gives them tests and stuff . . . sorta like a class in school. The Professor has already tested a lot of animals, but he needs some mice . . . and can't find any . . . Oh Boy, it sounds like just the thing!" exclaimed the excited Jerry.

"Wait a minute!" spouted Tuffy. "Maybe he can't find any mice 'cause no mice would be goofy enough to work . . . Why don't you just run over and tell this bird we're the smartest animals, 'cause we're such 'wise guys.' Ha! Ha!"

"O.K., go ahead and laugh," sighed Jerry. "If you won't come, I'll go alone."

Jerry was up bright and early the next morning. Tuffy got up, too, saying, "If you're going to find out how smart you are, I'd better go with you. When that Professor throws you out . . . I can catch you."

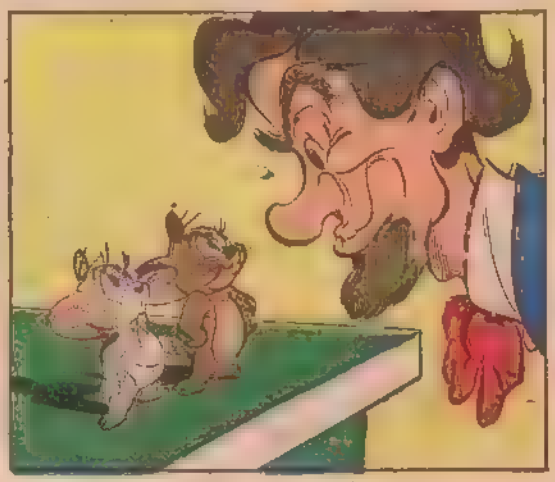
Jerry and Tuffy started walking, and were soon in the center of town. There stood a large brick building. Over the massive doors was printed in large letters, "YE JOLLY OLDE COLLEGE OF ALL KINDS OF KNOWLEDGE." Jerry tugged at Tuffy, "C'mon, this is where the Professor works."

They walked up to the doors, and waited for someone to open them. Soon, a gangly old man with a pointed beard, large white teeth, and high button shoes entered the building. "Let's follow him," whispered Jerry. "Maybe he is Professor Flubdub."

The mice followed the strange man down a long hall When he went through a door, they sneaked into a room with him. The room was painted white, and all sorts of odd looking boxes and cages were scattered around. The Professor wandered about the room, singing,

"My name is Flubdub,
I bathe in a tub,
And eat my soup with a fork. .
. . . . . ."

There was more to it, but Jerry and Tuffy couldn't make it out. "Gosh," whispered Jerry, "this guy acts like he's daffy!"



"I'm getting out of here," said Tuffy, starting for the door . . . But, just then Jerry sneezed, "Kerrrchoooo!" . . . and a voice said,

"Ah ha, now isn't this nice,
Two little Mice!
So happy to meet you.
Come here let me greet you."

The Professor smiled, and all his large teeth showed. Some were white, some were gold, and they all glinted alarmingly in the bright light. "Goodbye," squeaked the two frightened mice. "We had a lovely time, and are just leaving."

"Oh, don't do that.
I have no cat.
I'll give you some cheese,
If you'll hop on my knees."

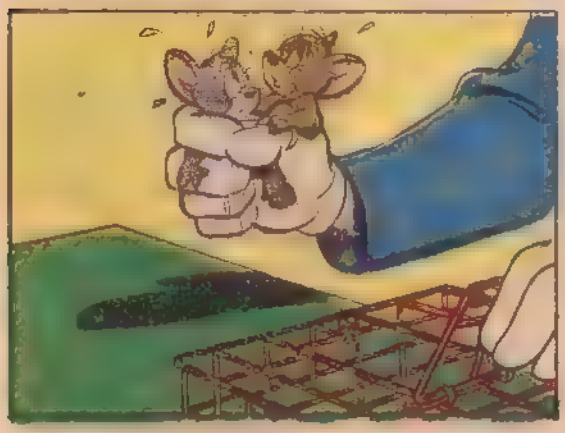
The Professor pulled a crumpled package out of his pocket. Jerry and Tuffy wrinkled their noses, and could smell some wonderful cheese. No mouse can resist cheese when he's hungry, and our little heroes were hungry. They stifled all their misgivings, and hopped up into the Professor's lap Before they could move, a hand picked them up, and deposited them in a clean, warm cage . . . "CLICK," went the door.

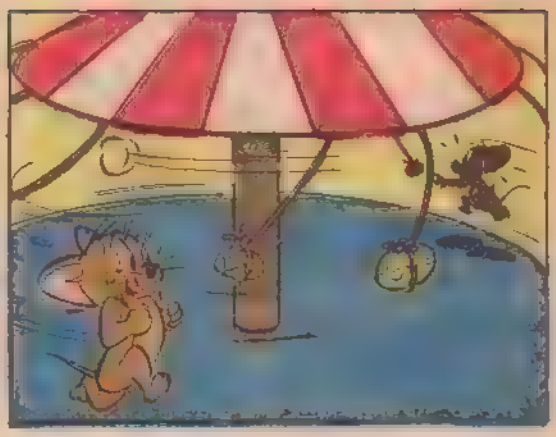
. . The Professor stood outside, rubbing his hands together, and chuckling,

"Now don't go away,
For I'd rather you stay.
We'll have great fun,
And, it's just begun."

He turned and walked out of the room.

"Yeah," grumbled Tuffy. "We'll have great fun! He means he'll have





fun. The joke's on us. You and your ideas! Well, my brilliant classmate, the first lesson's over. Just open that door, and let's go home."

Jerry felt pretty silly. "Aw, quit kidding me. You know we're locked in." The mice sat in moody silence for a while. Then, Jerry said, "Tuffy, do you smell cheese?"

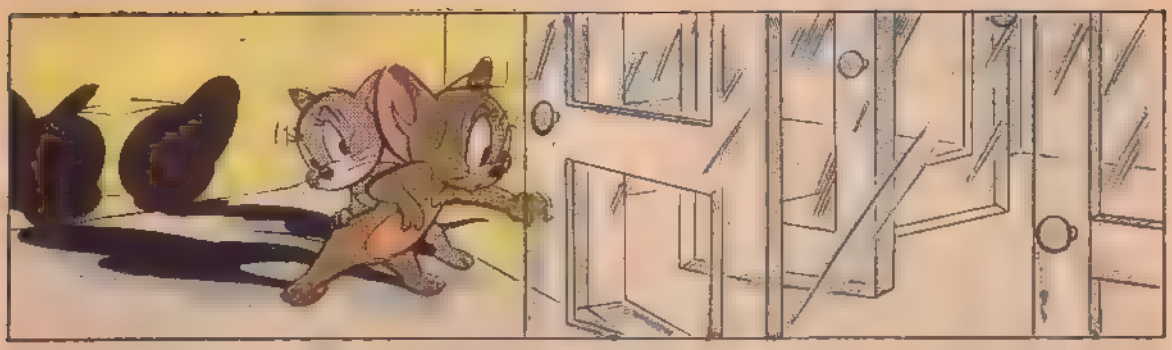
"Uh huh, I do . . . Look, . . . there's a piece right up there!" Sure enough, on a shelf, out of their reach, was a large slice of cheese. Tuffy climbed up on Jerry's shoulders, and grabbed the prize. They ate every bit of it, then curled up and took a nap.

They were awakened by a loud bell ringing in their ears. It sounded just like the telephone bell at home. Their mousehole apartment was right next to the bell box. The cheery sound made them feel more at ease in their queer surroundings. Suddenly, the cage door opened . . . and the two mice dashed through it . . . but into another cage ! ! The strange Professor was holding this cage.

In the middle of the cage was a tiny merry-go-round, and on the merry-go-round were all sorts of sugar candy. The Professor began to sing,

"The ride will be dandy,
You'll have sugar candy.
Just hop on,
Come flop on
The merry-go-round."

Jerry and Tuffy loved candy, so the first thing they knew they were on the merry-go-round. It began to turn . . . faster . . . and faster . . . until it was



almost spinning. Jerry and Tuffy had often played on the victrola at home, and this was easier than dancing on a victrola record. When they began to feel a little dizzy, they just started running around the platform in the opposite direction from which it was turning. Gradually, the merry-go-round slowed down, and Jerry and Tuffy hopped down with their mouths full of candy.

The Professor jumped up and down, and clapped his hands.

"You two are so wise,
You'll win the grand prize.
Now the last test,
To prove you're the best."

He put the little mice in the oddest contraption in the world. It was a glass house, full of doors and hallways that seemed to lead nowhere. "Hee, Hee," tittered the Professor,

"Come, run about,
There's a way to get out.
If you knew it,
You could do it!"

The poor little mice tried one way after another, but they always ended up right where they started. Finally, Jerry said, "You know, Tuffy, if we keep marking the wrong ways, we'd find out which one was right . . . I know . . . give me a couple of your whiskers . . ." Tuffy gave Jerry a couple, and Jerry pulled out a few of his own. Then, they split the hairs into smaller pieces. Now they were ready. Every time they started down a corridor, or out a door, they would mark it with a bit of whisker. They had soon tried all the ways except one.

"This must be it!" they squeaked, and they ran for all they were worth. And indeed it was the right way! They soon found themselves out of the box, . . . and they dashed for the door of the room!

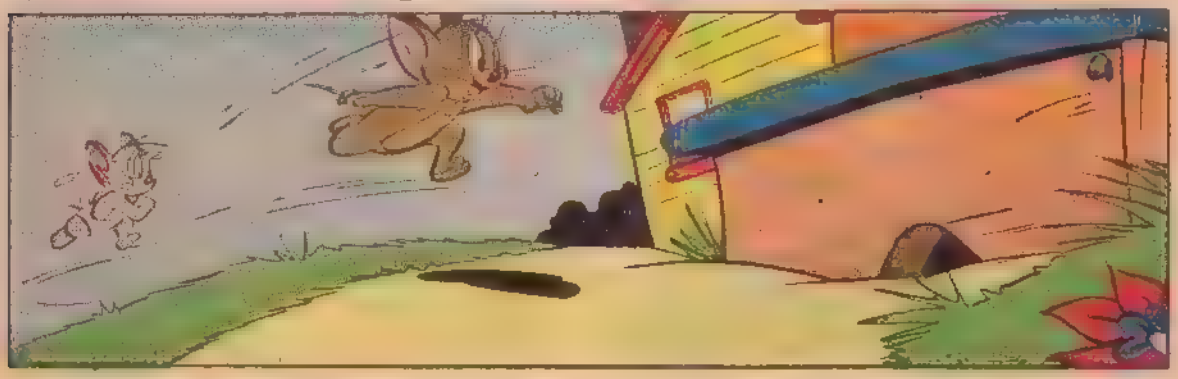
The Professor called after them,

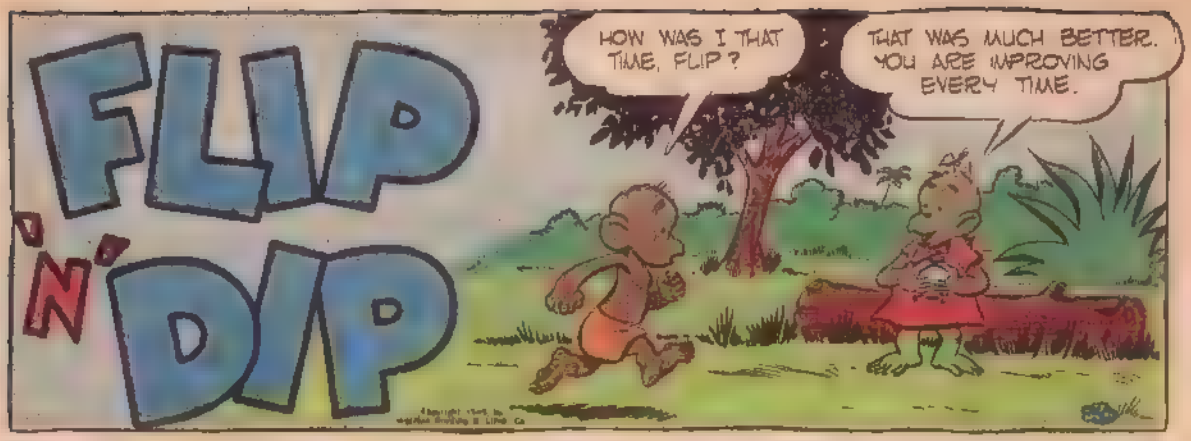
"Oh, please don't go,
There's a prize to bestow.
I know you'll adore it
Do wait a bit for it!"

"NUTS! ! !" squeaked the mice . . . and they kept running all the way home. When they arrived in their apartment, Tuffy turned to Jerry, "You forgot your prize," he teased. ". . . but I didn't."

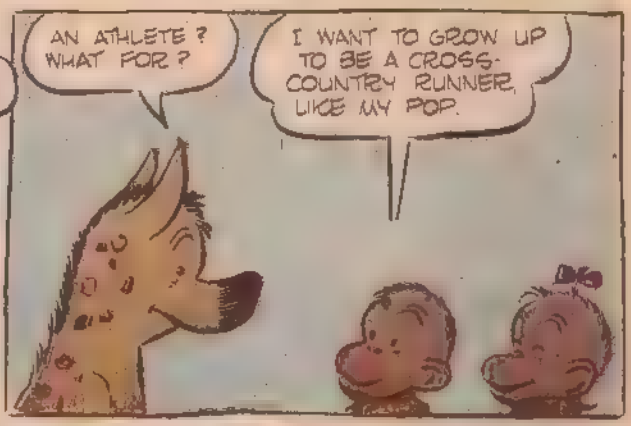
"Wh . . . Whaaat did you get?" asked Jerry inquisitively. "I don't see anything."

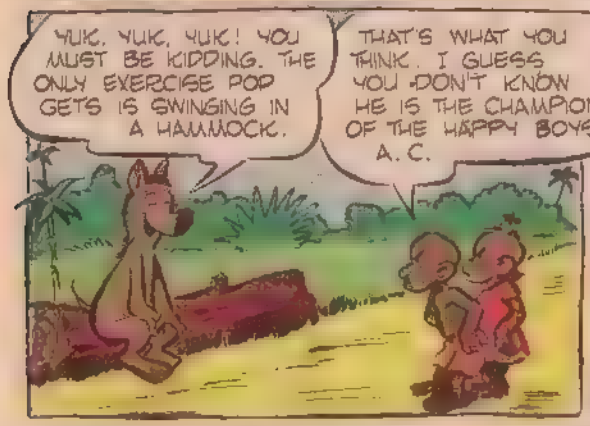
"Oh!" laughed Tuffy, "I have you . . . and YOU'RE A PRIZE FOOL ! ! ! !"

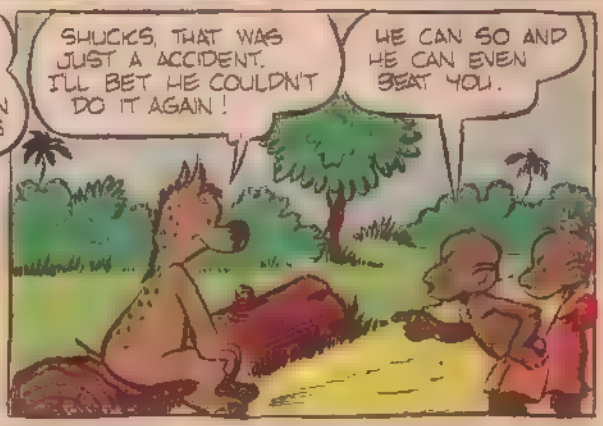


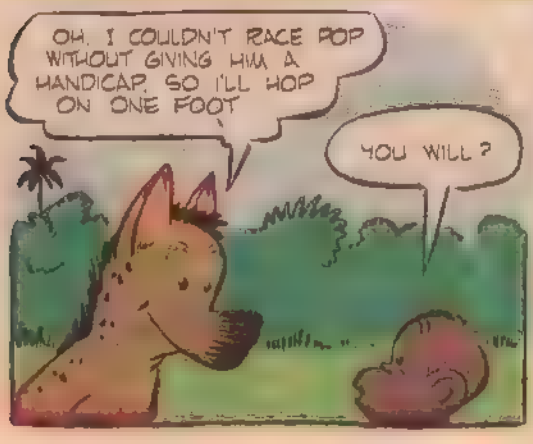

FLIP 'N' DIP
HOW WAS I THAT TIME, FLIP?
THAT WAS MUCH BETTER. YOU ARE IMPROVING EVERY TIME.

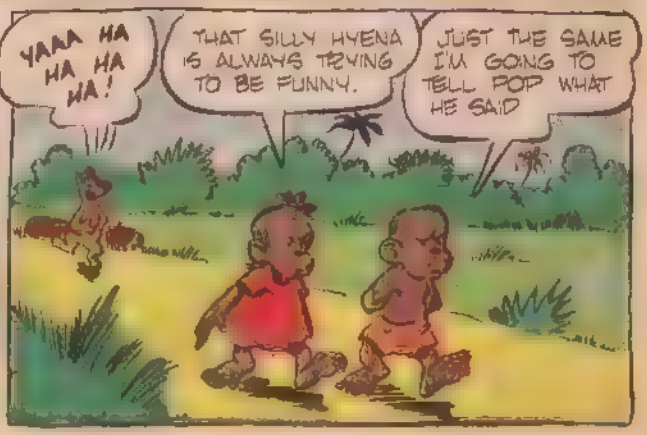
HI THERE, KIDS! WHAT'S COOKING?
'LO, MR HYENA.
DIP IS PRACTISING TO BE AN ATHLETE.

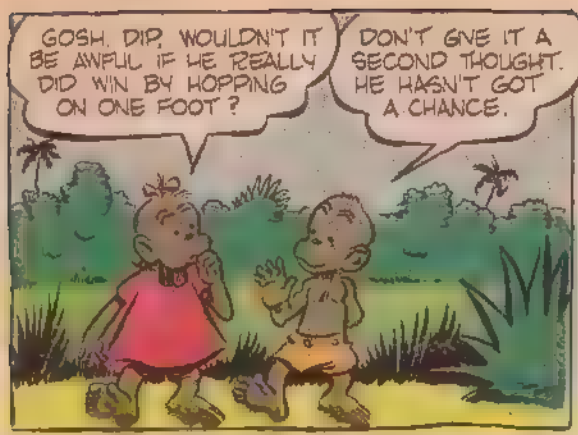

AN ATHLETE? WHAT FOR?
I WANT TO GROW UP TO BE A CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNER, LIKE MY POP.

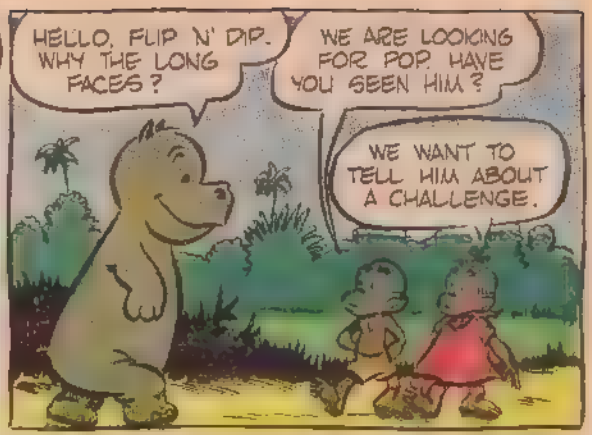

YUK, YUK, YUK! YOU MUST BE KIDDING. THE ONLY EXERCISE POP GETS IS SWINGING IN A HAMMOCK.
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK. I GUESS YOU DON'T KNOW HE IS THE CHAMPION OF THE HAPPY BOYS A.C.

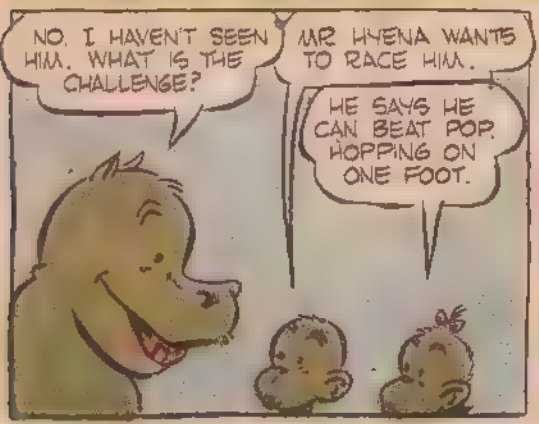

SHUCKS, THAT WAS JUST A ACCIDENT. I'LL BET HE COULDN'T DO IT AGAIN!
HE CAN SO AND HE CAN EVEN BEAT YOU.

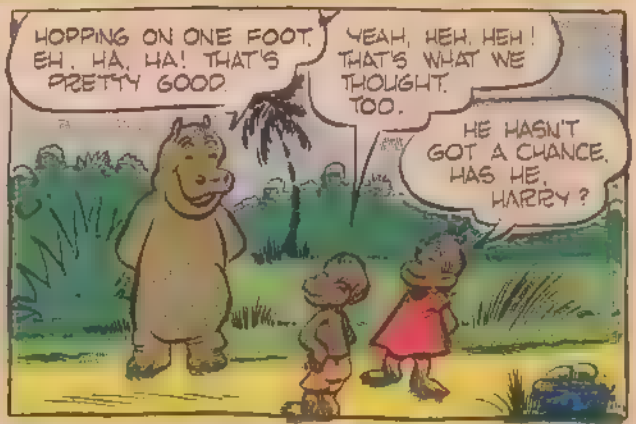

OH, I COULDN'T RACE POP WITHOUT GIVING HIM A HANDICAP. SO I'LL HOP ON ONE FOOT
YOU WILL?

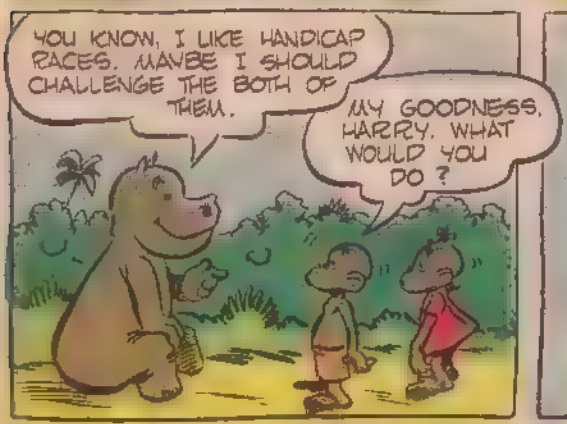

YAAA HA HA HA HA!
THAT SILLY HYENA IS ALWAYS TRYING TO BE FUNNY.
JUST THE SAME I'M GOING TO TELL POP WHAT HE SAID

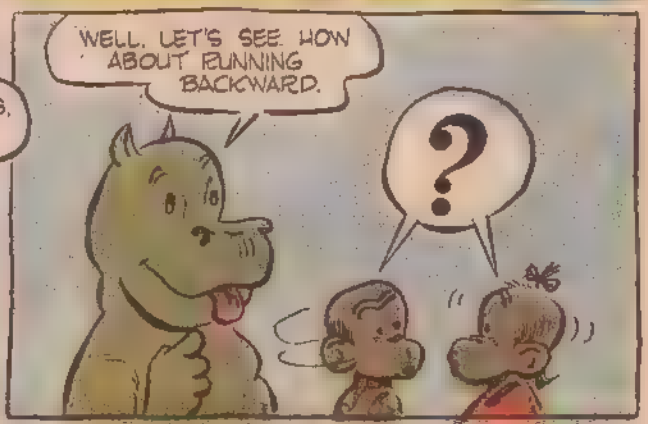

GOSH, DIP, WOULDN'T IT BE AWFUL IF HE REALLY DID WIN BY HOPPING ON ONE FOOT?
DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT. HE HASN'T GOT A CHANCE.

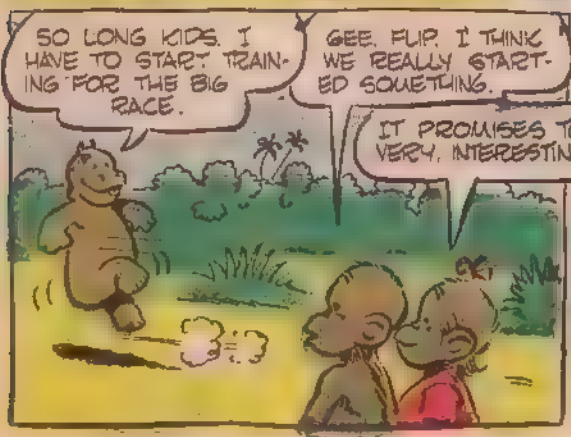

HELLO, FLIP N' DIP. WHY THE LONG FACES?
WE ARE LOOKING FOR POP. HAVE YOU SEEN HIM?
WE WANT TO TELL HIM ABOUT A CHALLENGE.

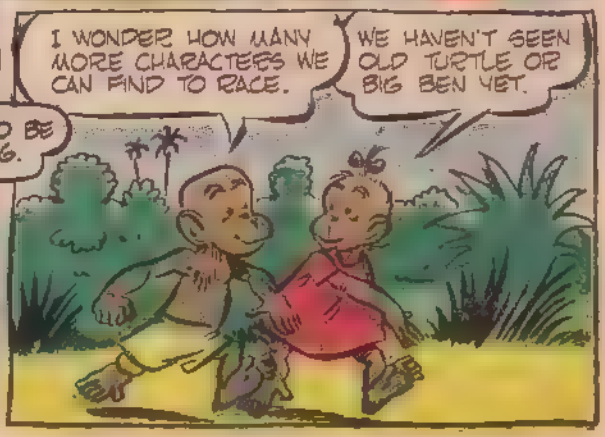

NO, I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM. WHAT IS THE CHALLENGE?
MR HYENA WANTS TO RACE HIM.
HE SAYS HE CAN BEAT POP HOPPING ON ONE FOOT.


HOPPING ON ONE FOOT. EH, HA, HA! THAT'S PRETTY GOOD.
YEAH, HEH, HEH! THAT'S WHAT WE THOUGHT, TOO.
HE HASN'T GOT A CHANCE, HAS HE, HARRY?


YOU KNOW, I LIKE HANDICAP RACES. MAYBE I SHOULD CHALLENGE THE BOTH OF THEM.
MY GOODNESS, HARRY. WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

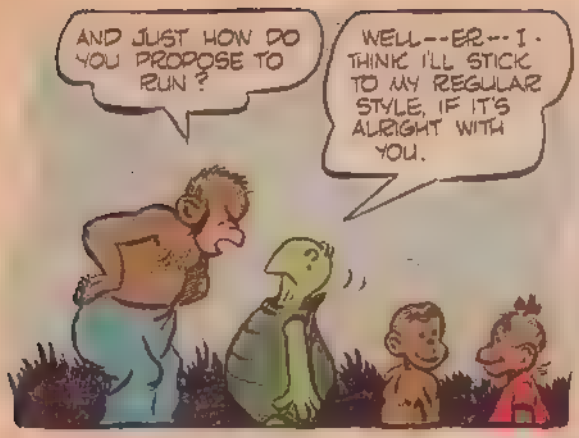

WELL, LET'S SEE. HOW ABOUT RUNNING BACKWARD.
?

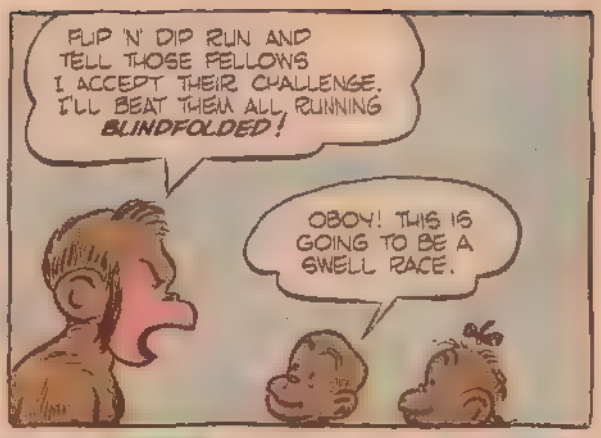

SO LONG KIDS. I HAVE TO START TRAINING FOR THE BIG RACE.
GEE, FLIP. I THINK WE REALLY STARTED SOMETHING.
IT PROMISES TO BE VERY INTERESTING.

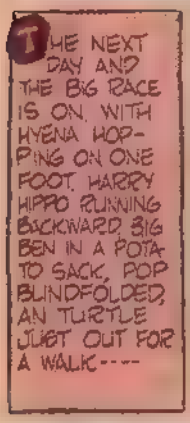

I WONDER HOW MANY MORE CHARACTERS WE CAN FIND TO RACE.
WE HAVEN'T SEEN OLD TURTLE OR BIG BEN YET.

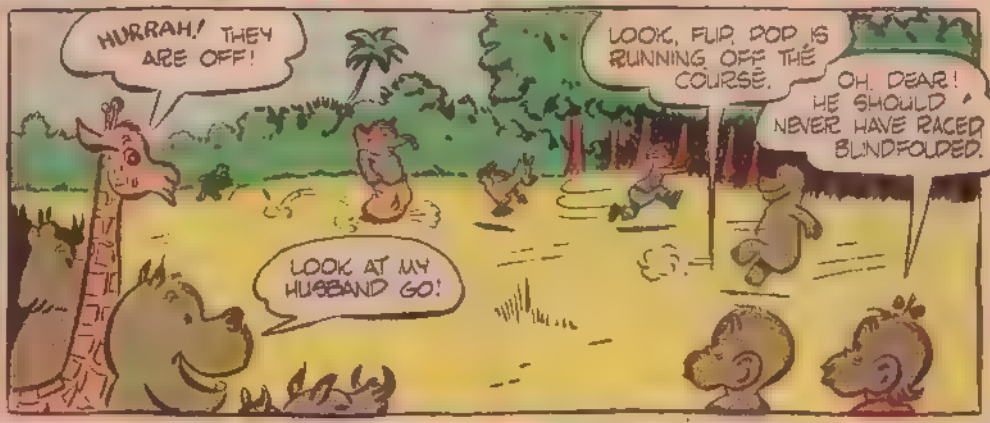
WELL, WELL, FLIP 'N' DIP. WHERE ARE YOU GOING IN SUCH A HURRY?
WE HAVE TO TELL POP ABOUT A CHALLENGE-HE HAS TO FOOT RACE.
FOOT RACING, EH. SOUNDS MIGHTY INTERESTING. WHO MADE THE CHALLENGE?
MR. HYENA IS GOING TO RACE, HOPPING ON ONE FOOT AND HARRY HIPPO IS GOING TO RUN BACKWARDS.
A HANDICAP RACE. BY GEORGE THAT REMINDS ME OF THE OLD DAYS WHEN I WAS A CHAMPION RUNNER.
YOU, A RUNNER?
GOODNESS, TURTLE. I THOUGHT YOU FOLKS WERE SUPPOSE TO BE SO SLOW?
OD'S BODIKINS, BOY, HAVEN'T YOU EVER HEARD OF THE FAMOUS RACE BETWEEN THE TORTOISE AND THE HARE?
GOSH, I'M AFRAID NOT.
ME, EITHER.
WELL, SIR, ABOUT ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY YEARS AGO, WHEN I WAS A YOUNG BOY, I RECEIVED A CHALLENGE FROM OLD MR HARE TO RUN A CROSS-COUNTRY RACE.
—AS WE LINED UP AT THE STARTING LINE, WE WERE BOTH FULL OF PEP AND RARING TO GO----
AS THE GUN SOUNDED, WE WERE BOTH OFF LIKE GREASED LIGHTNING----
WHIZ!
— I'LL ADMIT HE GOT A PRETTY GOOD START ON ME, BUT THAT WAS ONLY BECAUSE HIS FEET WERE BIGGER---
HA HA HA!

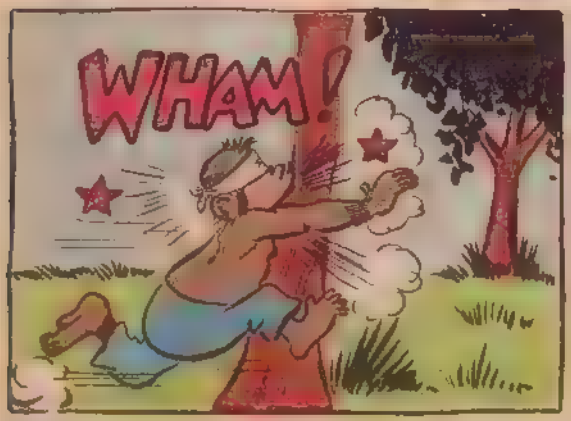
--IT WASN'T LONG, HOWEVER, BEFORE I WAS GOING FULL STEAM AND WITH EVERY STRIDE, I WAS GAINING ON THE RABBIT---
I'LL RUN ON AHEAD AND SEE WHERE HE IS.
--JUST AS I HAD PLANNED, I OVERTOOK HIM AT THE HALFWAY MARK---
ZUP KAZOO
ZZZZZ
--WITH A TREMENDOUS BURST OF SPEED I WENT BY HIM LIKE A FLASH---
ZZZZZZ
AFTER THAT THERE WAS NOTHING TO IT, I WON IN A WALK.
GOSH! YOU MUST HAVE BEEN PRETTY GOOD.
I OVERHEARD THE LAST PART OF THAT TALL STORY, TURTLE. YOU KNOW I'M THE NEW CHAMP AROUND HERE.
HUH?--ER-HELLO, POP.
HEY, POP. WE HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU.
WHAT'S UP, KIDS? GOOD NEWS I HOPE.
MR. HYENA WANTS TO RACE AGAINST YOU.
SO DOES HARRY HIPPO AND MAYBE TURTLE.
WHY SURE, KIDS. I'M ALWAYS GLAD TO DEFEND MY TITLE.
HYENA SAYS HE CAN BEAT YOU WHILE HOPPING ON ONE FOOT.
BRAVO!
CLAP!
WHAT?
YEAH, AND HARRY HIPPO SAYS HE CAN BEAT YOU WHILE RUNNING BACKWARDS.
NICE HANDICAP, EH!

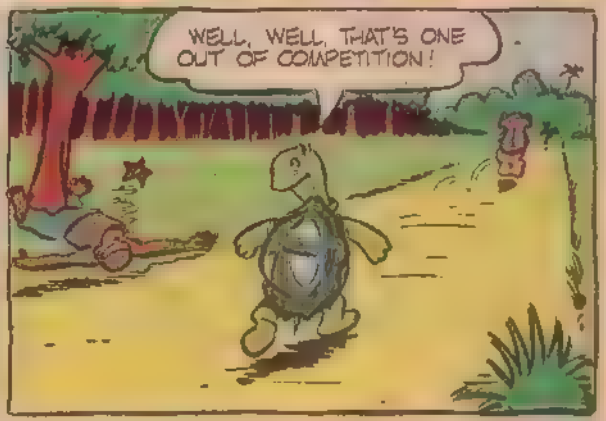

AND JUST HOW DO YOU PROPOSE TO RUN?
WELL--ER--I THINK I'LL STICK TO MY REGULAR STYLE, IF IT'S ALRIGHT WITH YOU.

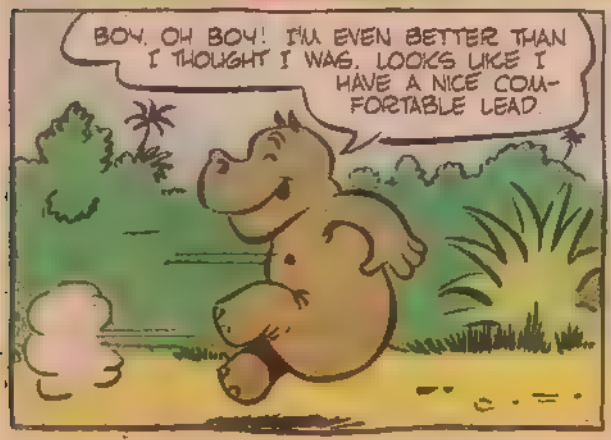

FLIP 'N' DIP RUN AND TELL THOSE FELLOWS I ACCEPT THEIR CHALLENGE. I'LL BEAT THEM ALL RUNNING BLINDFOLDED!
OBOY! THIS IS GOING TO BE A SWELL RACE.

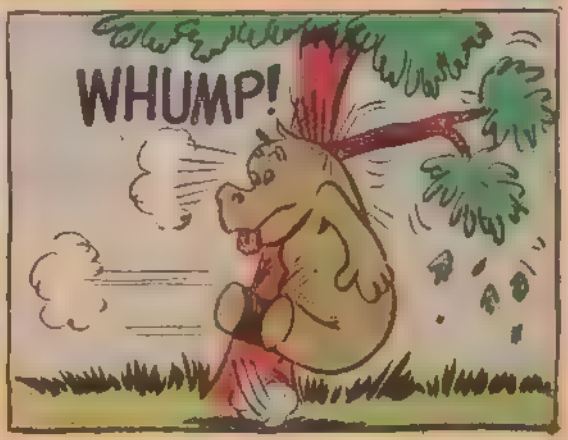

THE NEXT DAY AND THE BIG RACE IS ON, WITH HYENA HOPPING ON ONE FOOT, HARRY HIPPO RUNNING BACKWARD, BIG BEN IN A POTATO SACK, POP BLINDFOLDED, AN TURTLE JUST OUT FOR A WALK----

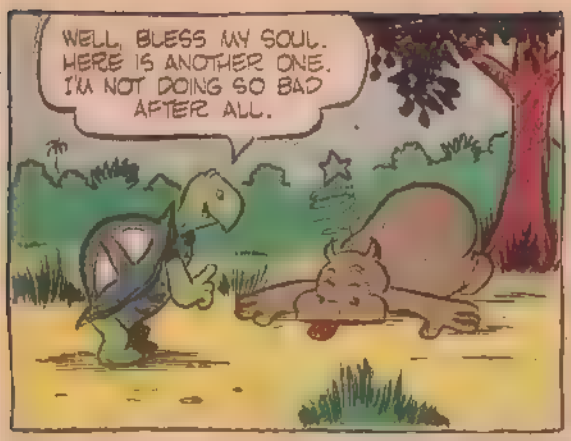

HURRAH! THEY ARE OFF!
LOOK AT MY HUSBAND GO!
LOOK, FLIP, POP IS RUNNING OFF THE COURSE.
OH, DEAR! HE SHOULD NEVER HAVE RACED BLINDFOLDED.

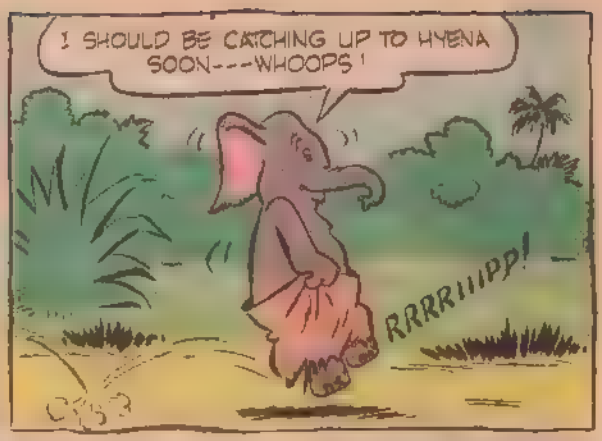

WHAM!

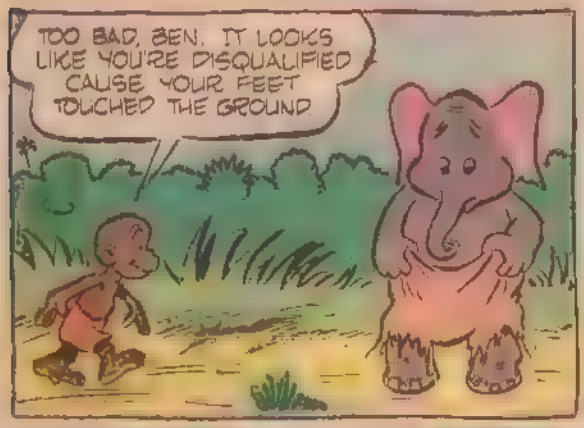

WELL, WELL, THAT'S ONE OUT OF COMPETITION!

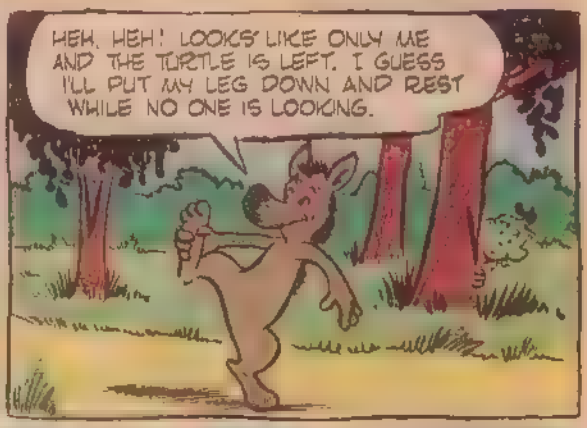

BOY, OH BOY! I'M EVEN BETTER THAN I THOUGHT I WAS. LOOKS LIKE I HAVE A NICE COMFORTABLE LEAD.

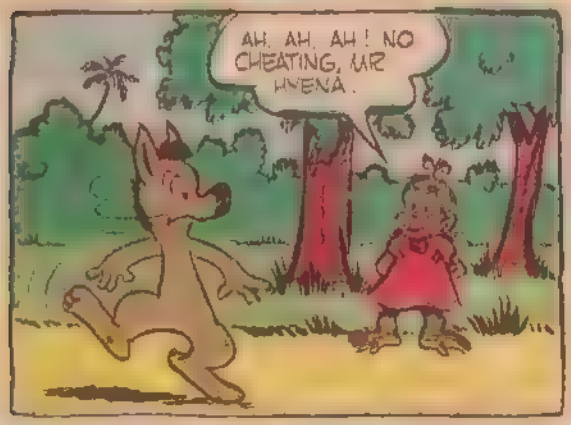

WHUMP!

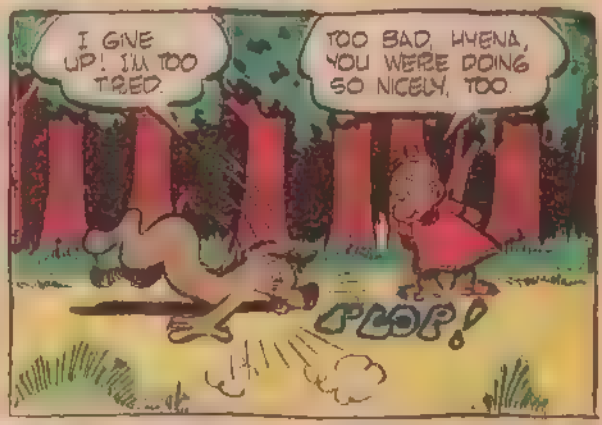

WELL, BLESS MY SOUL. HERE IS ANOTHER ONE. I'M NOT DOING SO BAD AFTER ALL.

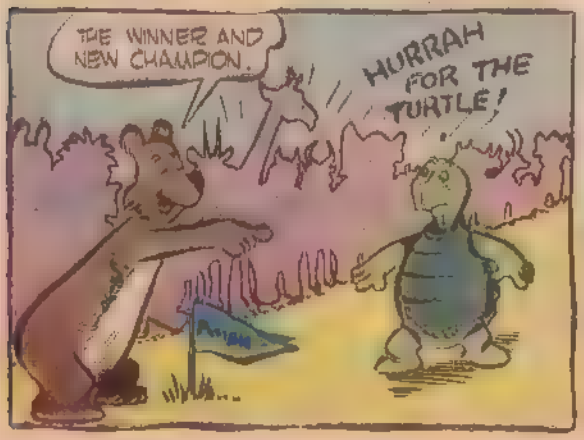

I SHOULD BE CATCHING UP TO HYENA SOON---WHOOPS!
RRRR!!!PP!

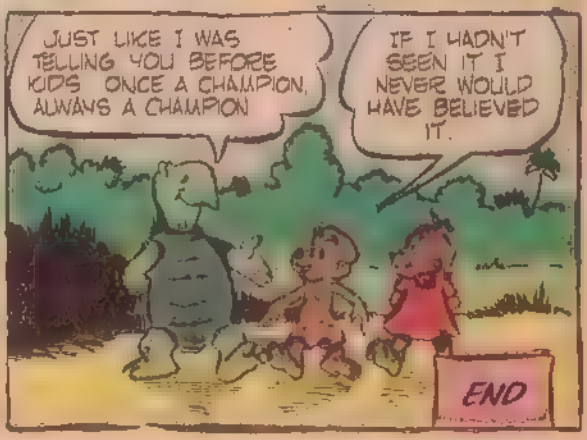

TOO BAD, BEN. IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE DISQUALIFIED CAUSE YOUR FEET TOUCHED THE GROUND.

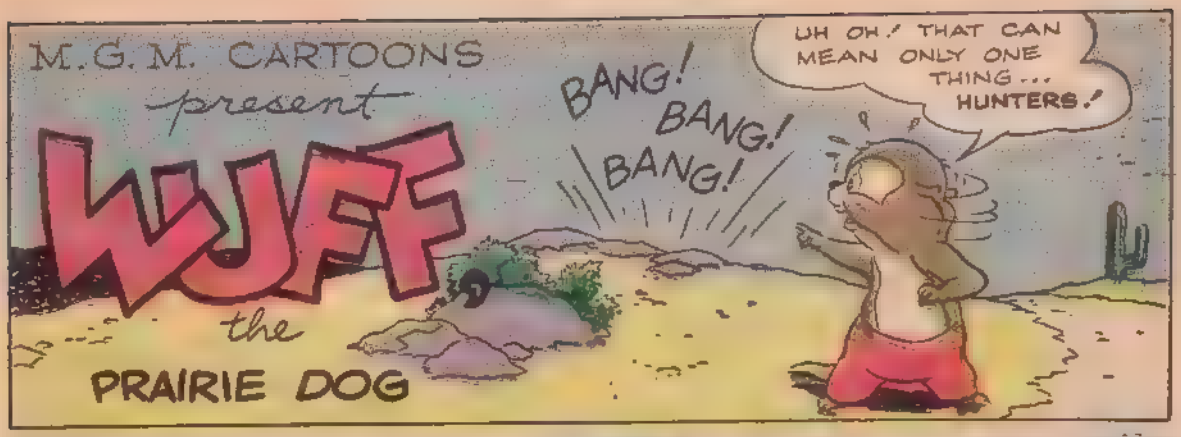

HEH, HEH! LOOKS LIKE ONLY ME AND THE TURTLE IS LEFT. I GUESS I'LL PUT MY LEG DOWN AND REST WHILE NO ONE IS LOOKING.

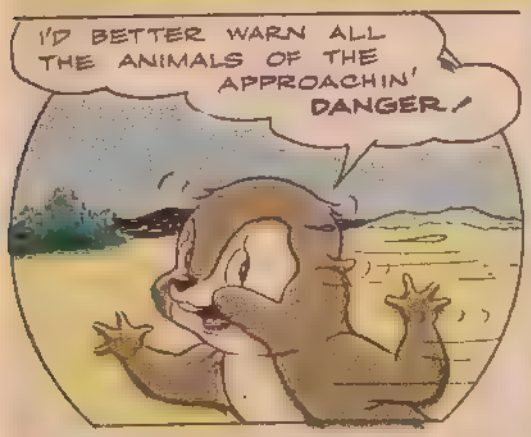

AH, AH, AH! NO CHEATING, MR HYENA.


I GIVE UP! I'M TOO TIRED.
TOO BAD, HYENA, YOU WERE DOING SO NICELY, TOO.
PLOP!

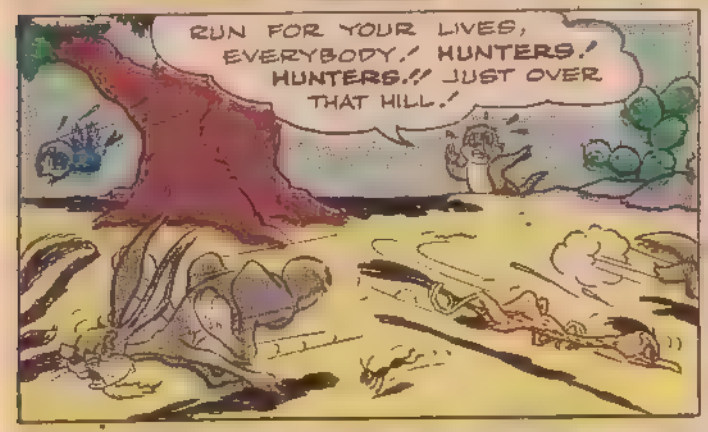

THE WINNER AND NEW CHAMPION.
HURRAH FOR THE TURTLE!

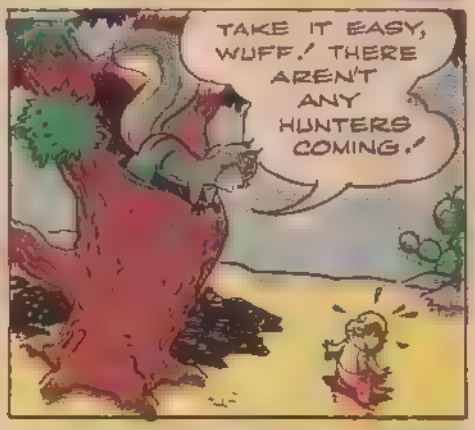

JUST LIKE I WAS TELLING YOU BEFORE KIDS ONCE A CHAMPION, ALWAYS A CHAMPION
IF I HADN'T SEEN IT I NEVER WOULD HAVE BELIEVED IT.
END


M.G.M. CARTOONS
present
WUFF
the
PRAIRIE DOG
BANG! BANG! BANG!
UH OH! THAT CAN MEAN ONLY ONE THING... HUNTERS!

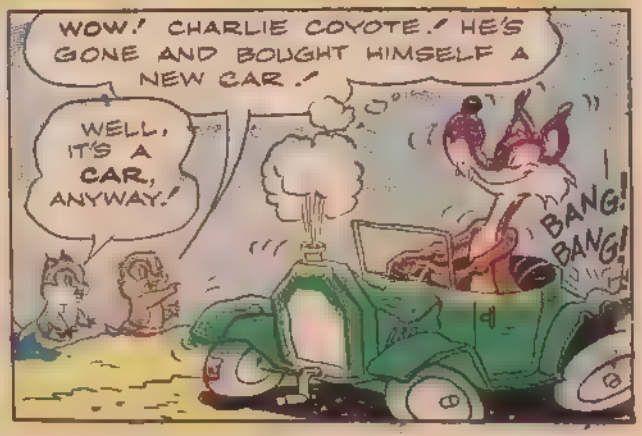

I'D BETTER WARN ALL THE ANIMALS OF THE APPROACHIN' DANGER!

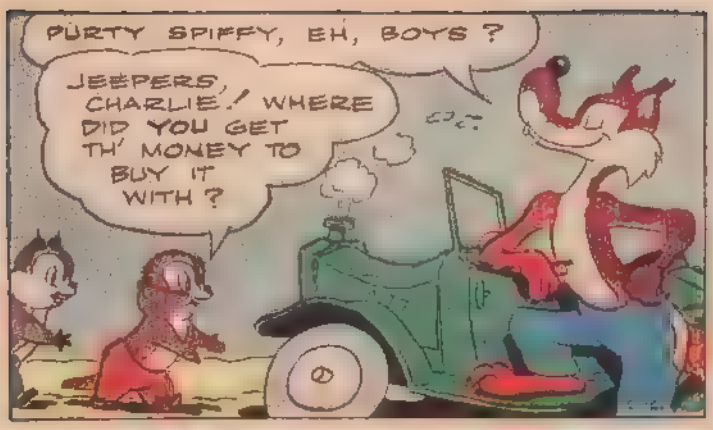
RUN FOR IT, MISSUS PRAIRIE HEN... HUNTERS ARE HEADED THIS WAY!

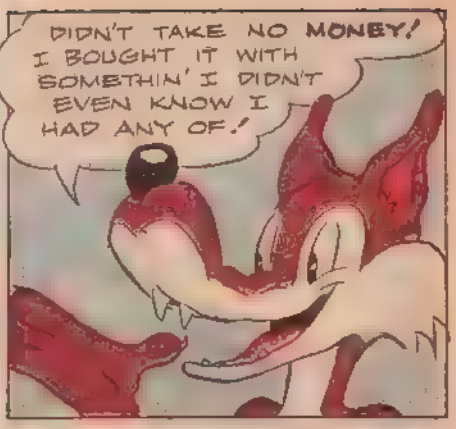

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES, EVERYBODY! HUNTERS! HUNTERS!! JUST OVER THAT HILL!

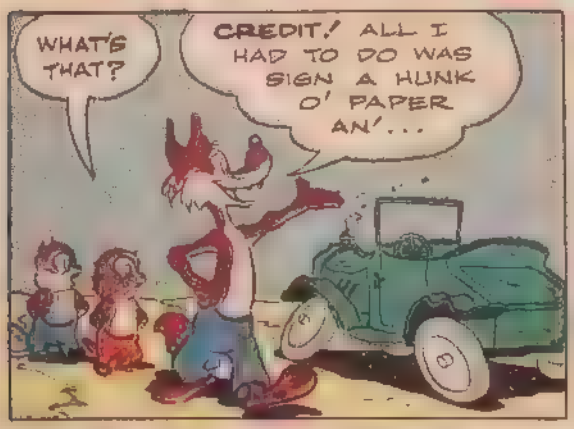

TAKE IT EASY, WUFF! THERE AREN'T ANY HUNTERS COMING!

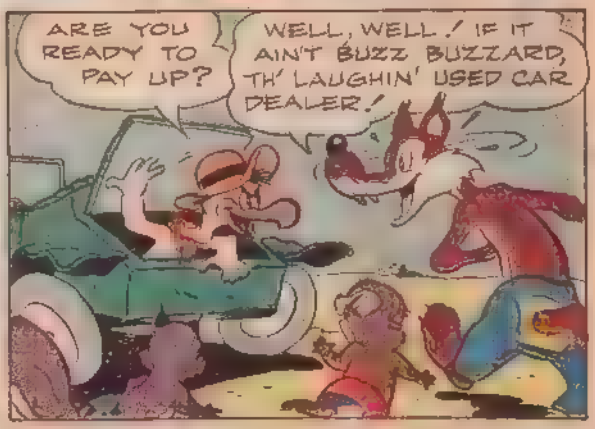
I CAN SEE ALL OVER TH' PRAIRIE FROM MY TREETOP HOME, AN' I CAN ASSURE YOU...

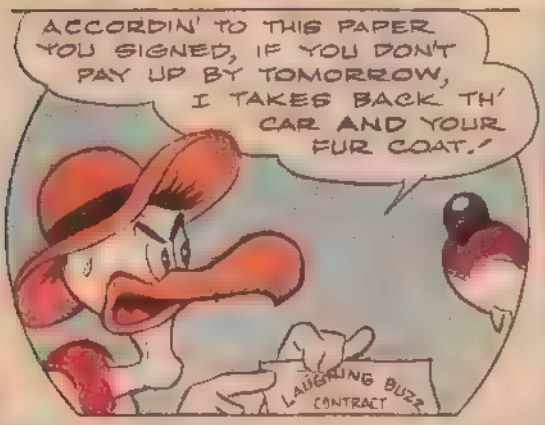

WOW! CHARLIE COYOTE! HE'S GONE AND BOUGHT HIMSELF A NEW CAR!
WELL, IT'S A CAR, ANYWAY!
BANG! BANG!

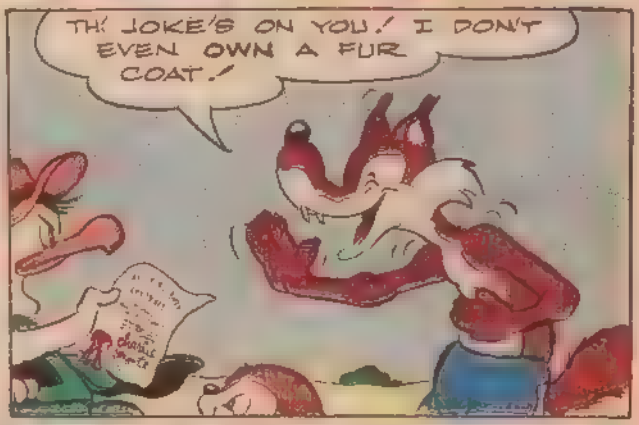

PURTY SPIFFY, EH, BOYS ?
JEEPERS, CHARLIE ! WHERE DID YOU GET TH' MONEY TO BUY IT WITH ?

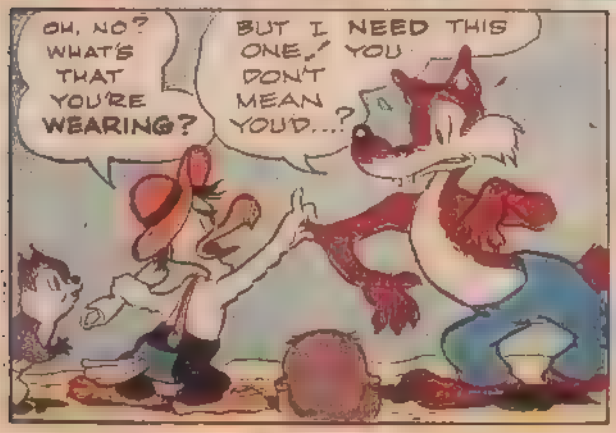

DIDN'T TAKE NO MONEY! I BOUGHT IT WITH SOMETHIN' I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW I HAD ANY OF !

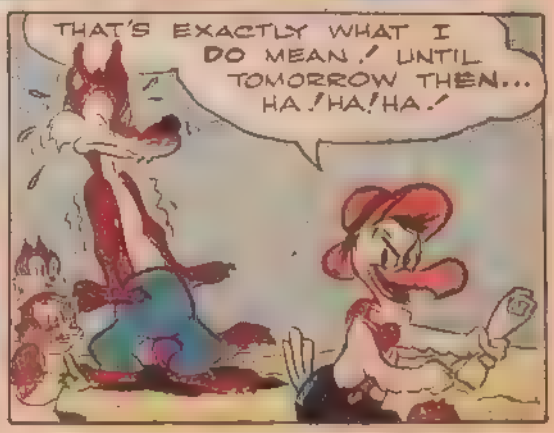

WHAT'S THAT?
CREDIT ! ALL I HAD TO DO WAS SIGN A HUNK O' PAPER AN'...

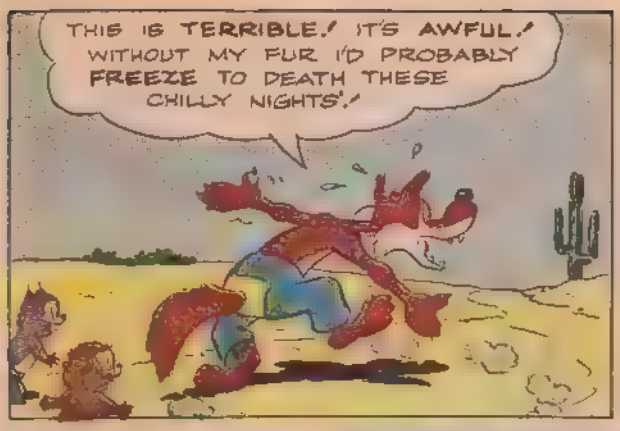

ARE YOU READY TO PAY UP?
WELL, WELL ! IF IT AIN'T BUZZ BUZZARD, TH' LAUGHIN' USED CAR DEALER !

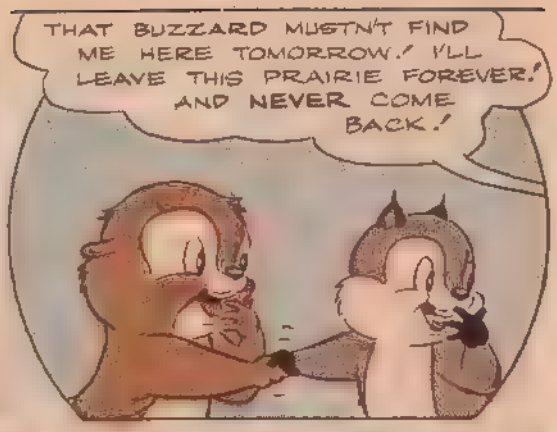

ACCORDIN' TO THIS PAPER YOU SIGNED, IF YOU DON'T PAY UP BY TOMORROW, I TAKES BACK TH' CAR AND YOUR FUR COAT !
LAUGHING BUZZ CONTRACT

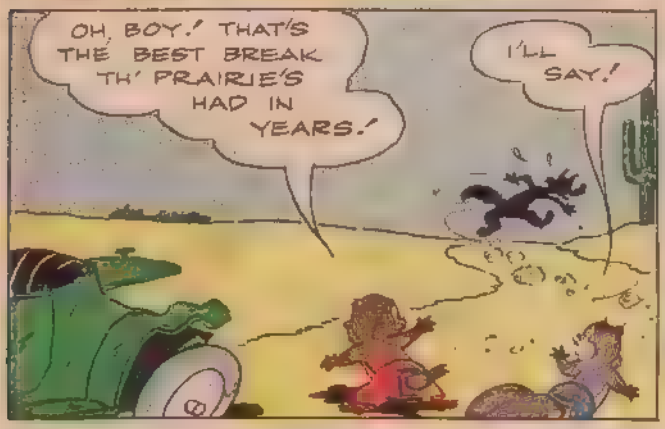

TH' JOKE'S ON YOU ! I DON'T EVEN OWN A FUR COAT !

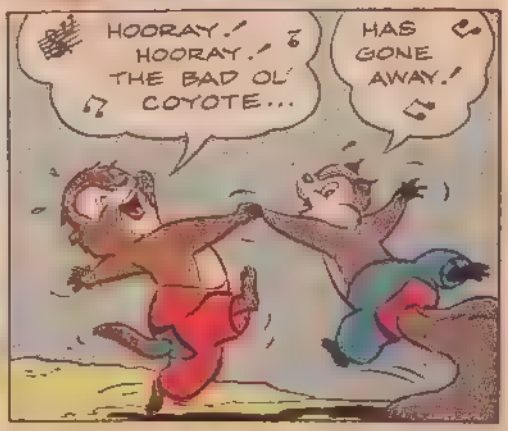

OH, NO? WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE WEARING?
BUT I NEED THIS ONE ! YOU DON'T MEAN YOU'D...?

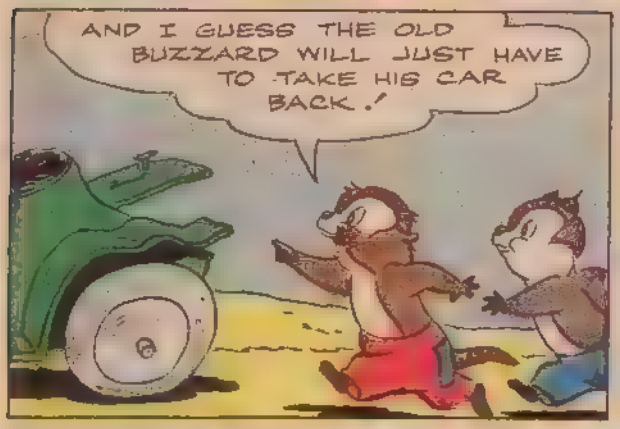

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I DO MEAN ! UNTIL TOMORROW THEN... HA ! HA ! HA !

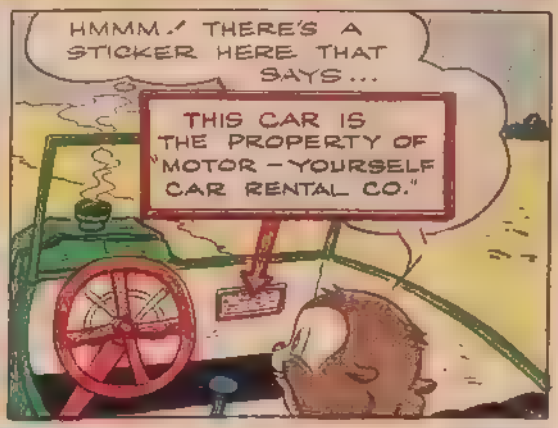

THIS IS TERRIBLE! IT'S AWFUL! WITHOUT MY FUR I'D PROBABLY FREEZE TO DEATH THESE CHILLY NIGHTS!

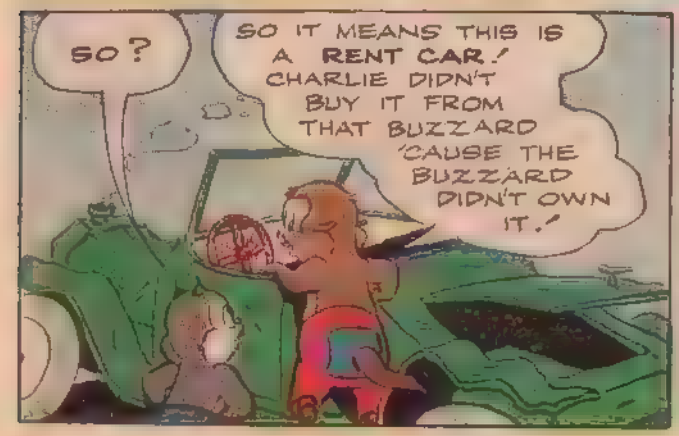

THAT BUZZARD MUSTN'T FIND ME HERE TOMORROW! I'LL LEAVE THIS PRAIRIE FOREVER! AND NEVER COME BACK!

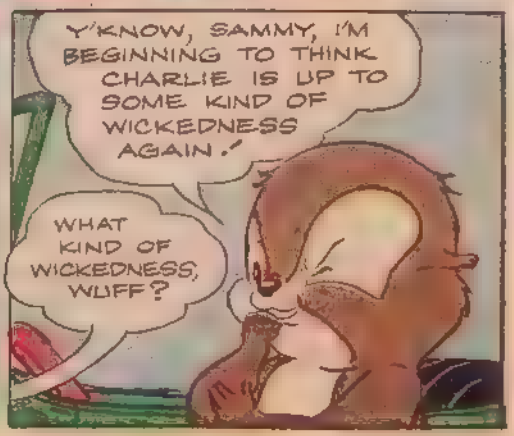

OH, BOY! THAT'S THE BEST BREAK TH' PRAIRIE'S HAD IN YEARS!
I'LL SAY!

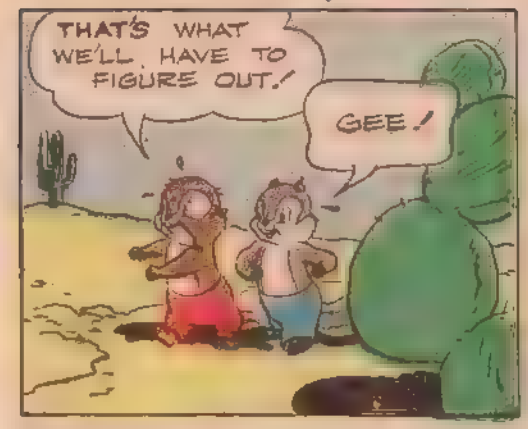

HOORAY! HOORAY! THE BAD OL' COYOTE...
HAS GONE AWAY!

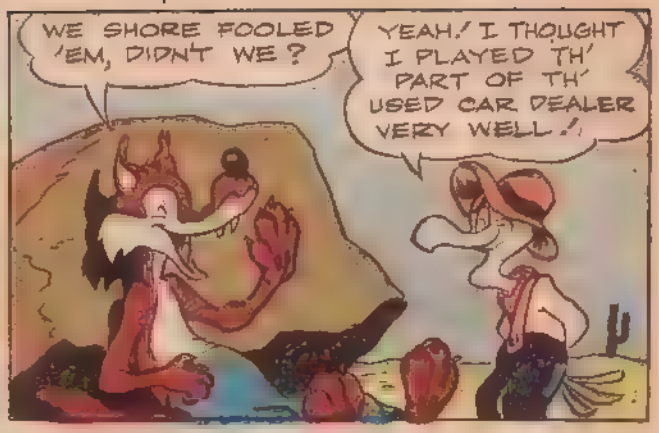

AND I GUESS THE OLD BUZZARD WILL JUST HAVE TO TAKE HIS CAR BACK!

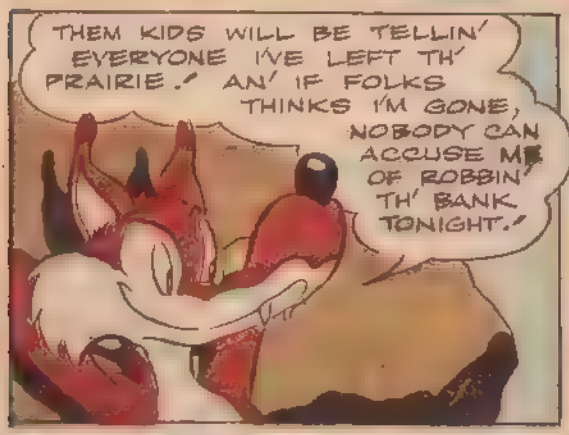

HMMM! THERE'S A STICKER HERE THAT SAYS...
THIS CAR IS THE PROPERTY OF "MOTOR-YOURSELF CAR RENTAL CO."


SO?
SO IT MEANS THIS IS A RENT CAR! CHARLIE DIDN'T BUY IT FROM THAT BUZZARD 'CAUSE THE BUZZARD DIDN'T OWN IT!


Y'KNOW, SAMMY, I'M BEGINNING TO THINK CHARLIE IS UP TO SOME KIND OF WICKEDNESS AGAIN!
WHAT KIND OF WICKEDNESS, WUFF?

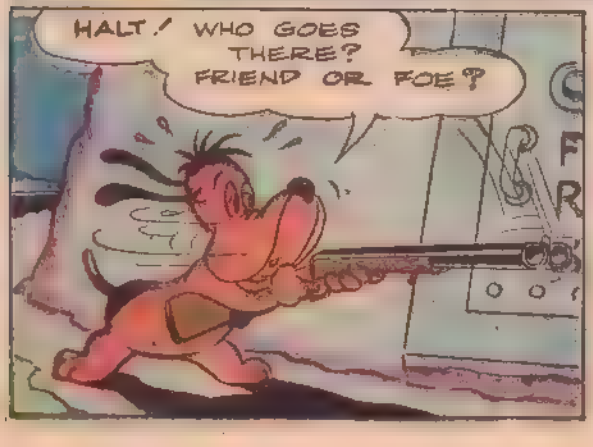

THAT'S WHAT WE'LL HAVE TO FIGURE OUT.!
GEE!

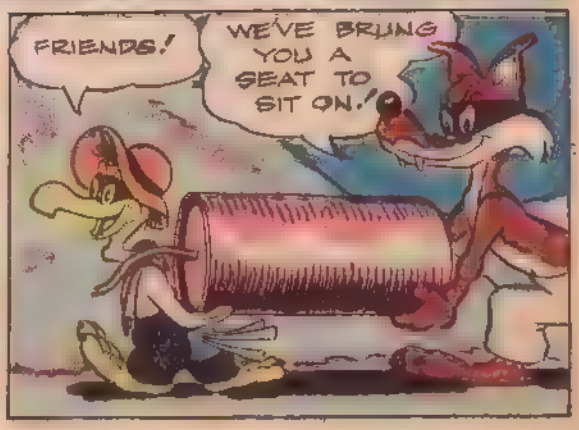

WE SHORE FOOLED 'EM, DIDN'T WE?
YEAH.! I THOUGHT I PLAYED TH' PART OF TH' USED CAR DEALER VERY WELL.!

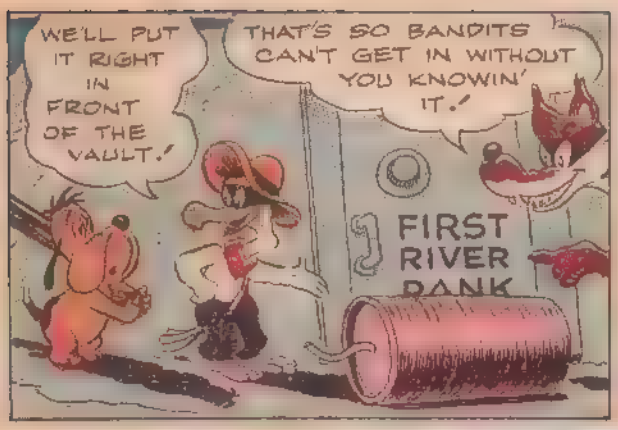

THEM KIDS WILL BE TELLIN' EVERYONE I'VE LEFT TH' PRAIRIE.! AN' IF FOLKS THINKS I'M GONE, NOBODY CAN ACCUSE ME OF ROBBIN' TH' BANK TONIGHT.!

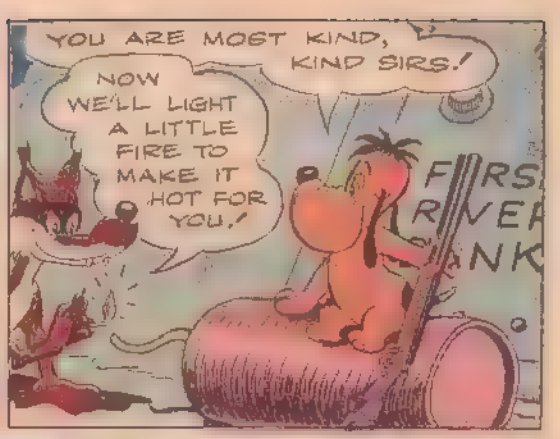
AN' WITH "DROOPY" DOG AS TH' BANK'S NIGHT WATCHMAN, TH' JOB WILL BE A PUSH-OVER FOR US.!

THAT NIGHT...
THE BANK IS FAIRLY BULGING WITH FUNDS TONIGHT.! I MUST WATCH OUT FOR BANK BANDITS.!
FIRST RIVER BANK

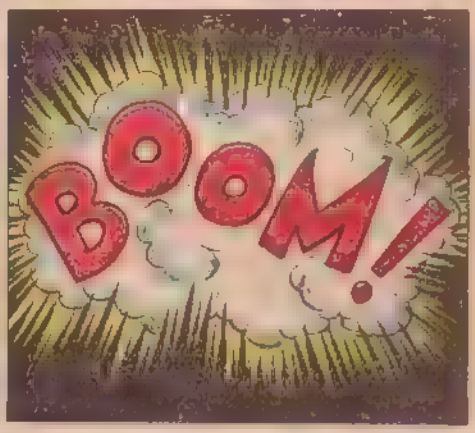

HALT.! WHO GOES THERE? FRIEND OR FOE?

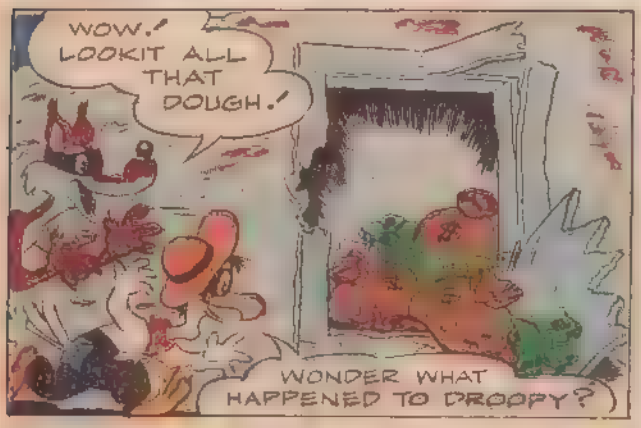

FRIENDS!
WE'VE BRUNG YOU A SEAT TO SIT ON.!

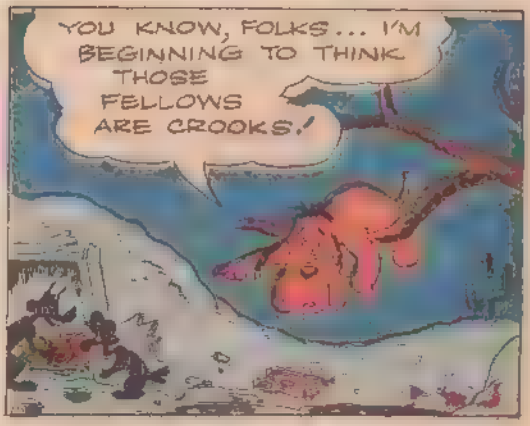

WE'LL PUT IT RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE VAULT.!
THAT'S SO BANDITS CAN'T GET IN WITHOUT YOU KNOWIN' IT.!
FIRST RIVER BANK

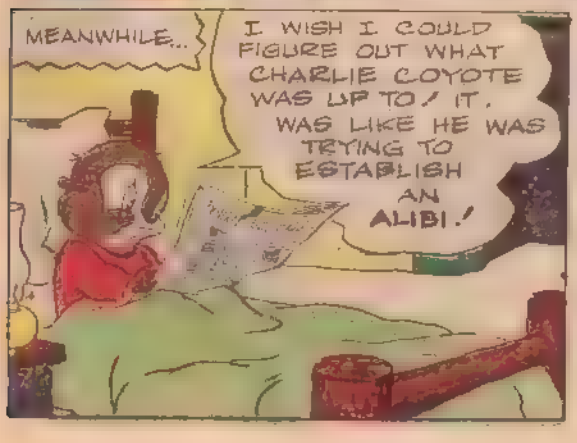

YOU ARE MOST KIND, KIND SIRS.!
NOW WE'LL LIGHT A LITTLE FIRE TO MAKE IT HOT FOR YOU.!

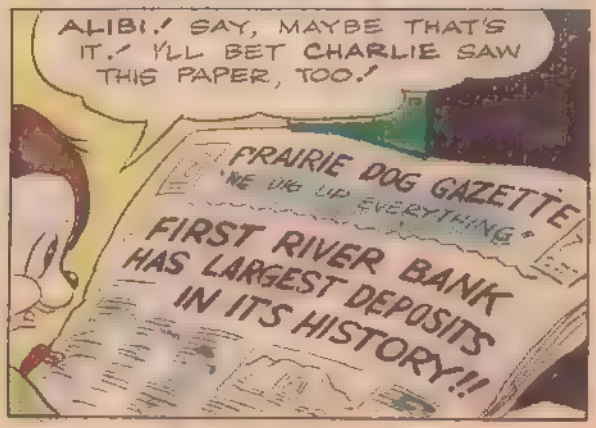
I'M EVER SO MUCH OBLIGED.!
DON'T MENTION IT.!
SPT!
SPT!
SPT!

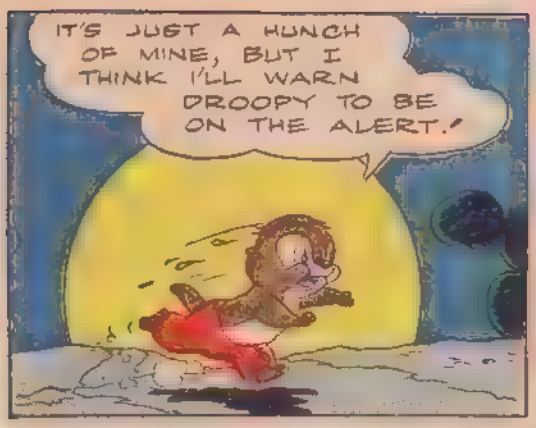

BOOM!

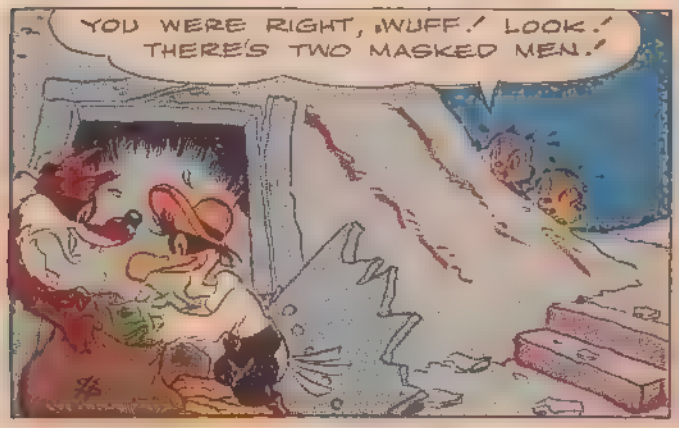

WOW.! LOOKIT ALL THAT DOUGH.!
WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO DROOPY?

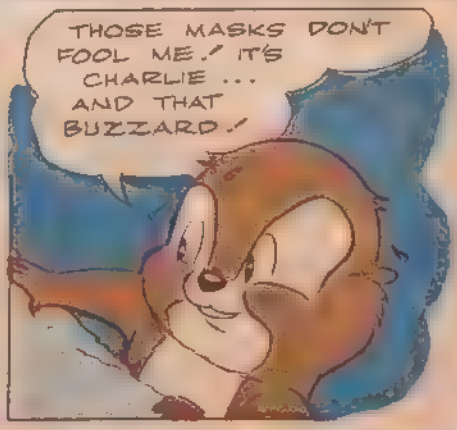

YOU KNOW, FOLKS... I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THOSE FELLOWS ARE CROOKS.!

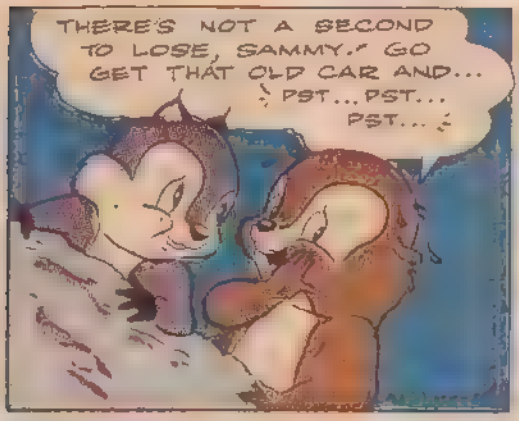

MEANWHILE...
I WISH I COULD FIGURE OUT WHAT CHARLIE COYOTE WAS UP TO.! IT WAS LIKE HE WAS TRYING TO ESTABLISH AN ALIBI.!

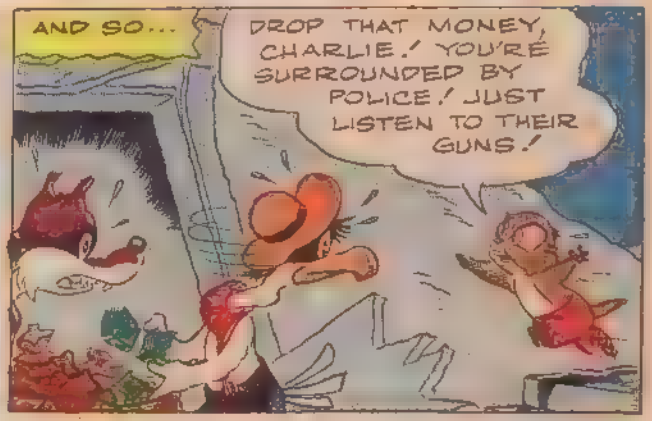

ALIBI.! SAY, MAYBE THAT'S IT.! I'LL BET CHARLIE SAW THIS PAPER, TOO.!
PRAIRIE DOG GAZETTE
"WE DIG UP EVERYTHING"
FIRST RIVER BANK HAS LARGEST DEPOSITS IN ITS HISTORY!!

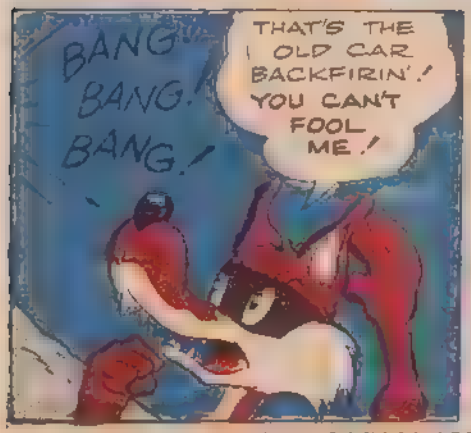


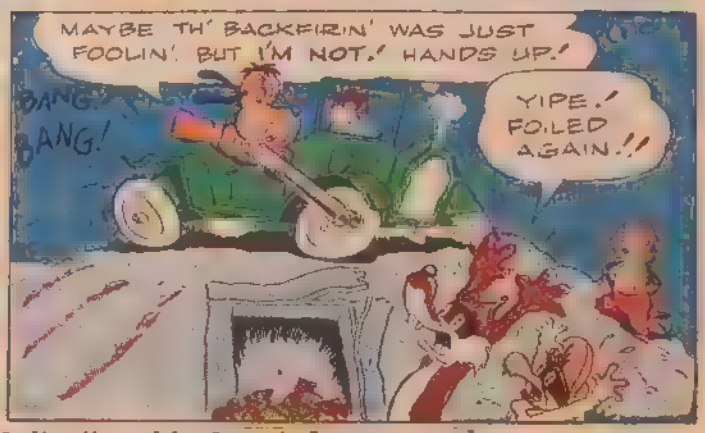




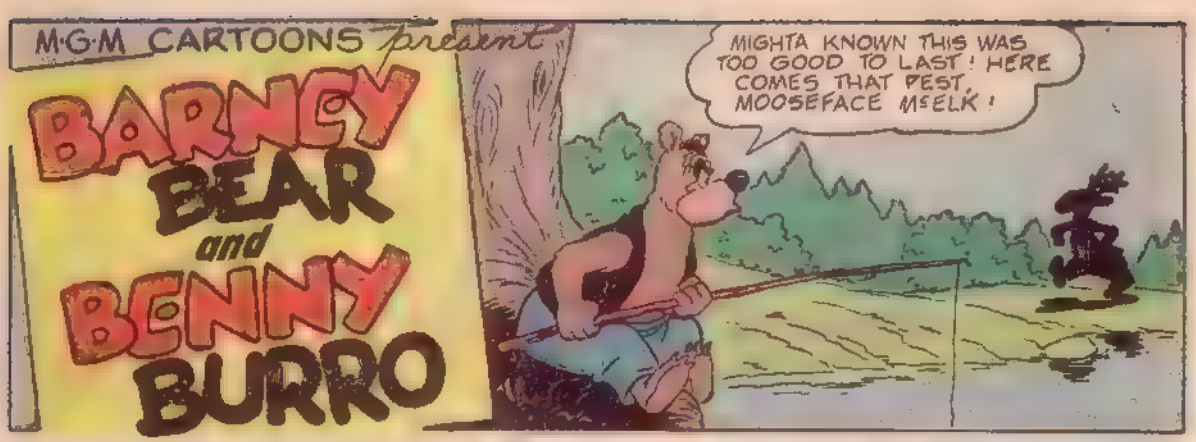




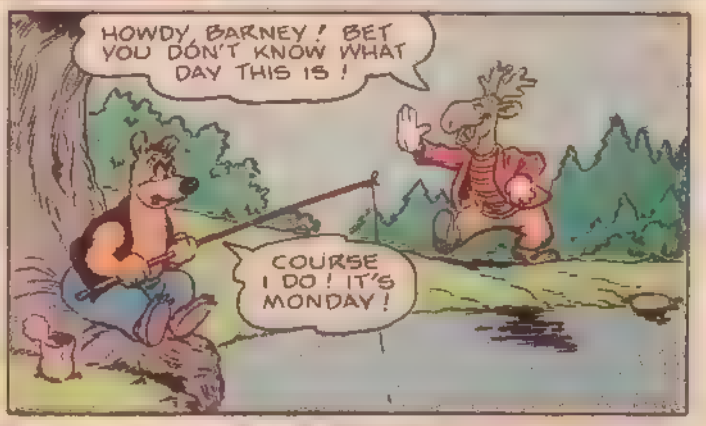


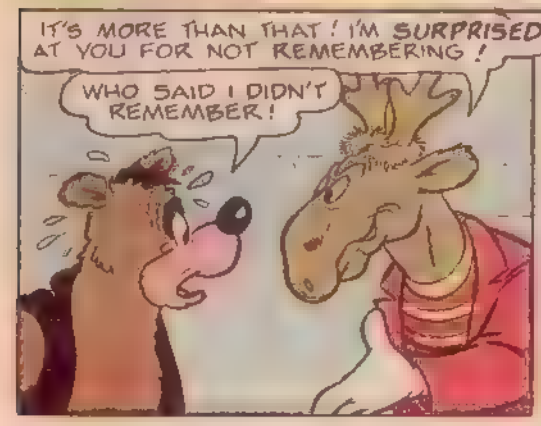


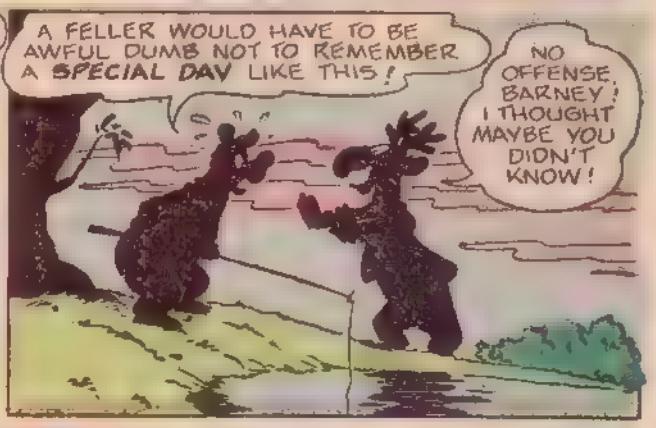
M·G·M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

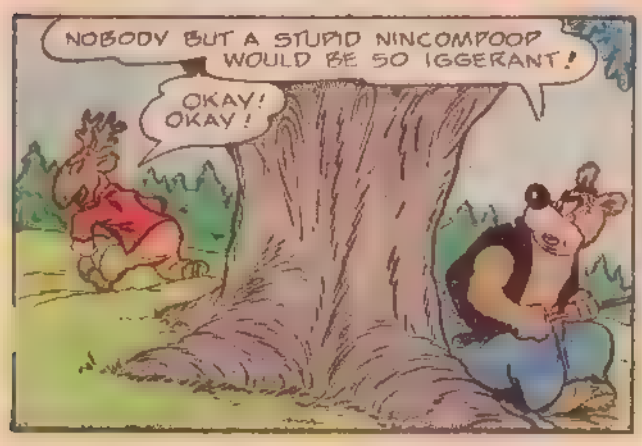

M·G·M CARTOONS present
BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO
MIGHTA KNOWN THIS WAS TOO GOOD TO LAST! HERE COMES THAT PEST, MOOSEFACE McELK!

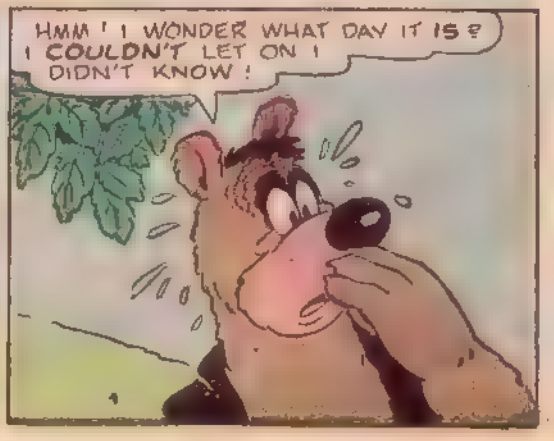
HE MAKES ME TIRED! ALWAYS TRYIN' TO ACT LIKE HE'S SMARTER IN TH' HEAD THAN I AM!


HOWDY, BARNEY! BET YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT DAY THIS IS!
COURSE I DO! IT'S MONDAY!

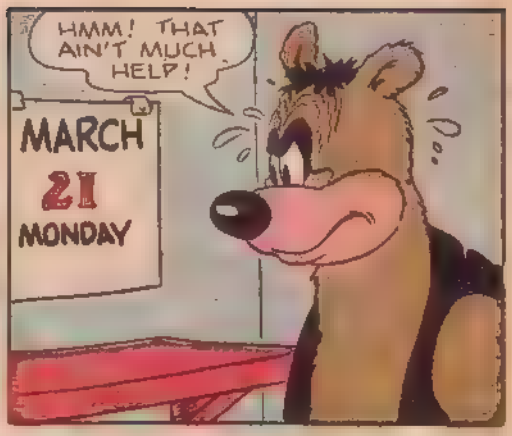

IT'S MORE THAN THAT! I'M SURPRISED AT YOU FOR NOT REMEMBERING!
WHO SAID I DIDN'T REMEMBER!


A FELLER WOULD HAVE TO BE AWFUL DUMB NOT TO REMEMBER A SPECIAL DAY LIKE THIS!
NO OFFENSE, BARNEY! I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU DIDN'T KNOW!

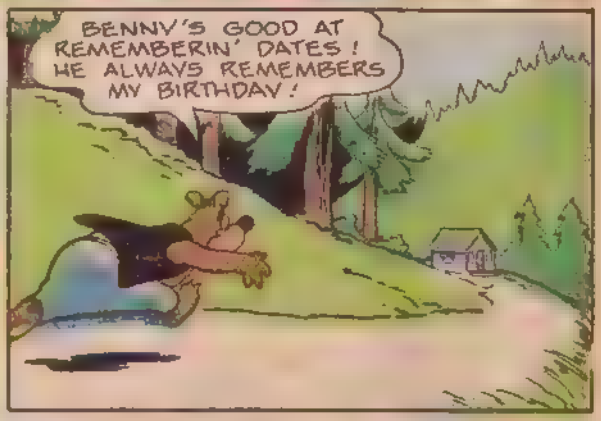

NOBODY BUT A STUPID NINCOMPOOP WOULD BE SO IGGERANT!
OKAY! OKAY!

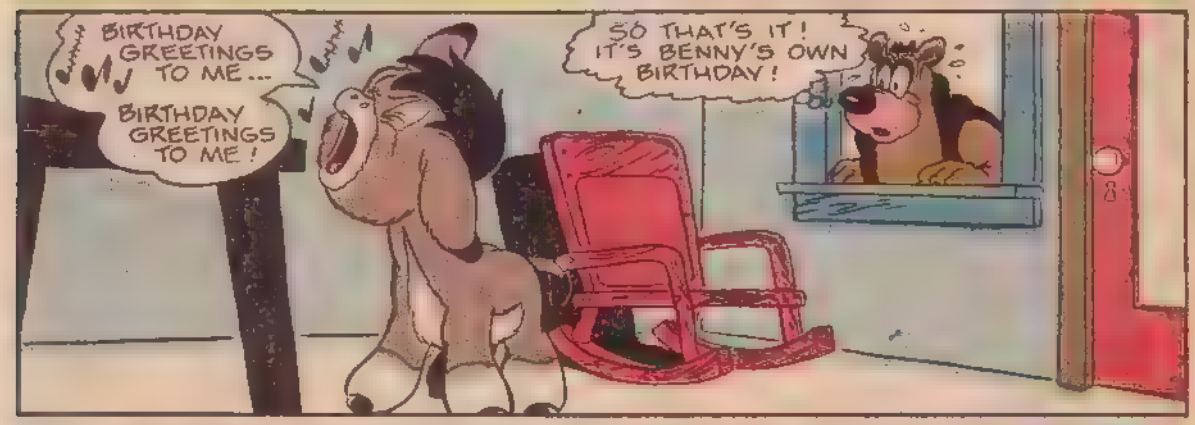

HMM! I WONDER WHAT DAY IT IS? I COULDN'T LET ON I DIDN'T KNOW!

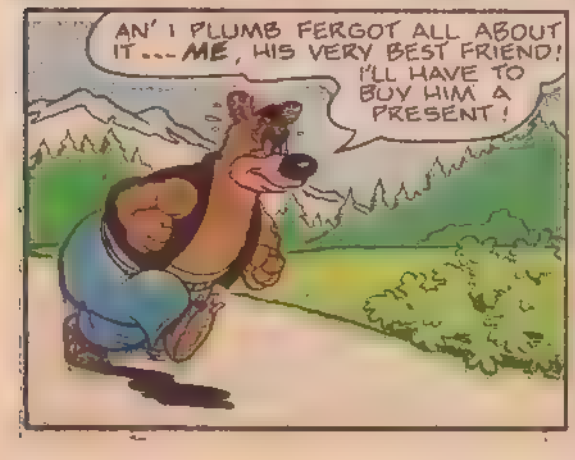
I'D BETTER GIT HOME AN' TAKE A LOOK AT TH' CALENDAR!

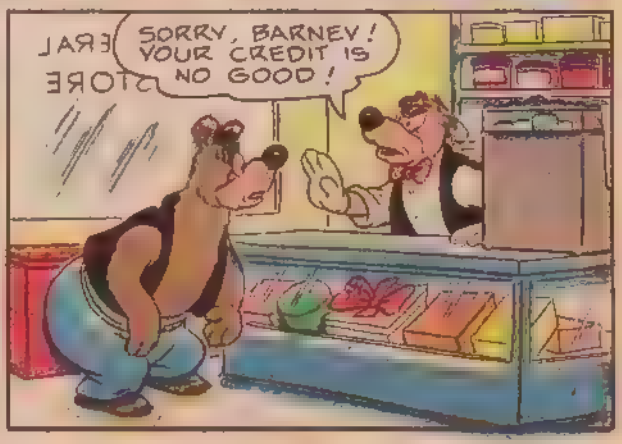

HMM! THAT AIN'T MUCH HELP!
MARCH
21
MONDAY

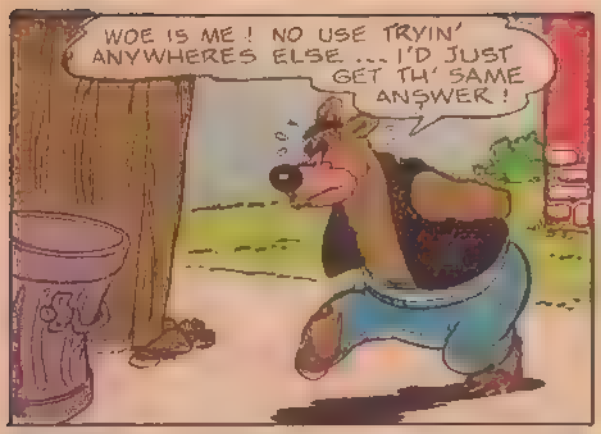
I'LL ASK BENNY! HE'LL KNOW!


BENNY'S GOOD AT REMEMBERIN' DATES! HE ALWAYS REMEMBERS MY BIRTHDAY!

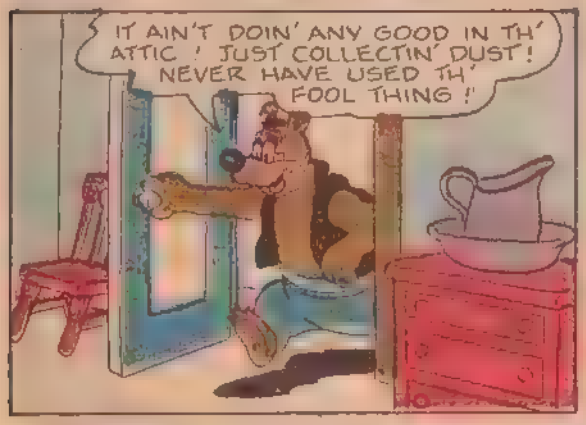

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS TO ME...
BIRTHDAY GREETINGS TO ME!
SO THAT'S IT! IT'S BENNY'S OWN BIRTHDAY!


AN' I PLUMB FERGOT ALL ABOUT IT... ME, HIS VERY BEST FRIEND! I'LL HAVE TO BUY HIM A PRESENT!

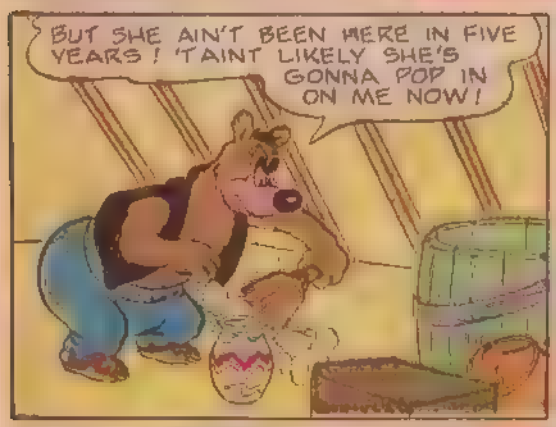

SORRY, BARNEY! YOUR CREDIT IS NO GOOD!


WOE IS ME! NO USE TRYIN' ANYWHERES ELSE ... I'D JUST GET TH' SAME ANSWER!

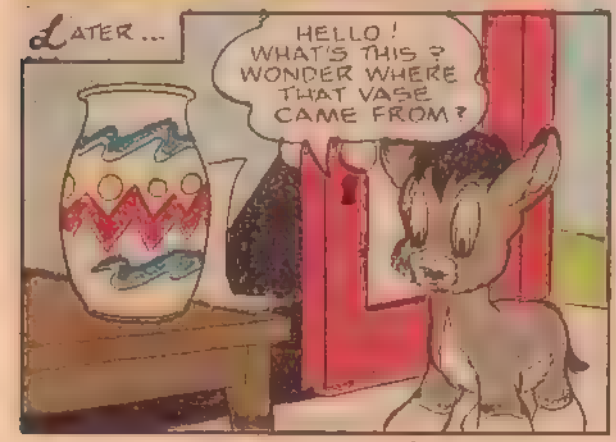
I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL GIVE HIM THAT HORRIBLE OL' VASE THAT AUNT SHAGGY SENT ME YEARS AGO!
SNAP!

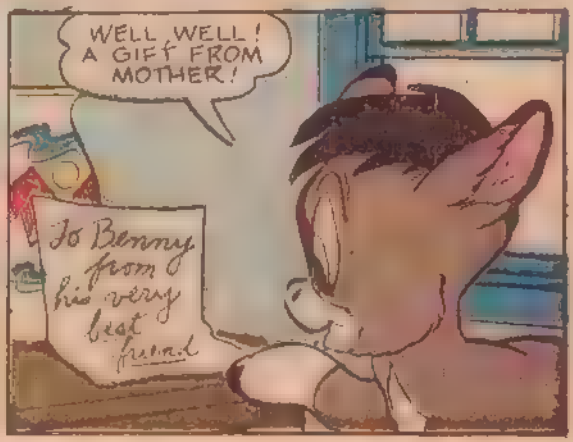

IT AIN'T DOIN' ANY GOOD IN TH' ATTIC! JUST COLLECTIN' DUST! NEVER HAVE USED TH' FOOL THING!

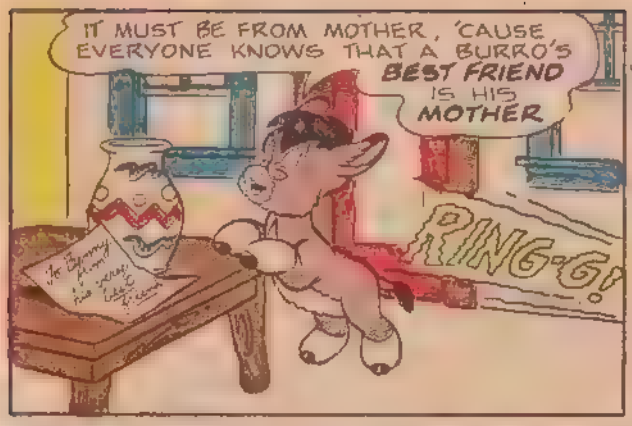
I'VE BEEN KEEPIN' IT, THINKIN' THAT AUNT SHAGGY MIGHT COME SEE ME SOME DAY! WOULDN'T WANT HER TO THINK I DIDN'T LIKE IT!

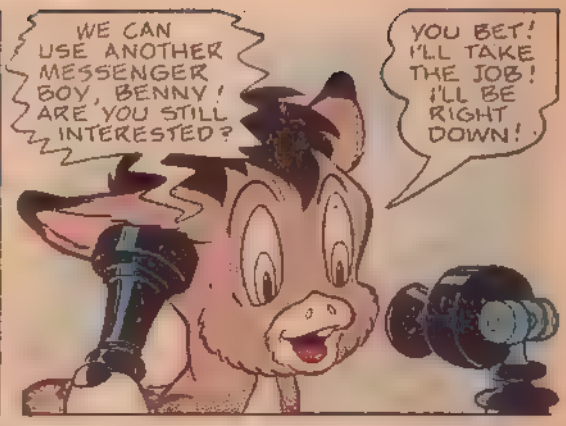

BUT SHE AIN'T BEEN HERE IN FIVE YEARS! 'TAINT LIKELY SHE'S GONNA POP IN ON ME NOW!

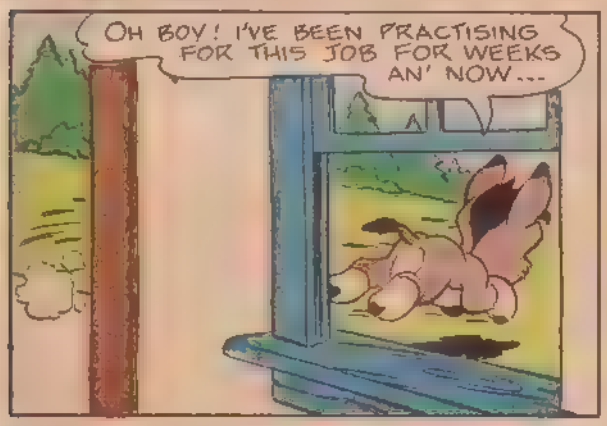
IT AIN'T SO MUCH TH' GIFT ANYWAY... IT'S TH' SEDIMENT THAT'S IMPORTANT!

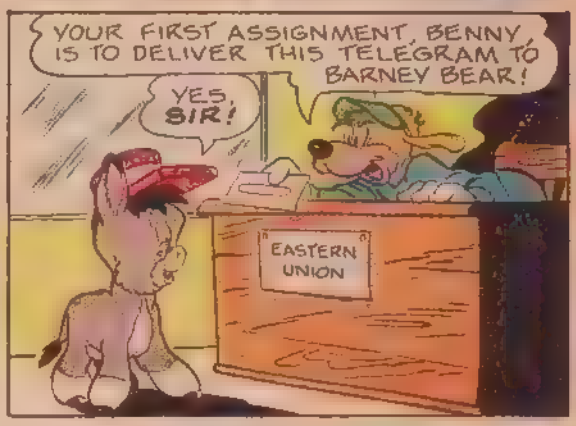

LATER ...
HELLO! WHAT'S THIS? WONDER WHERE THAT VASE CAME FROM?

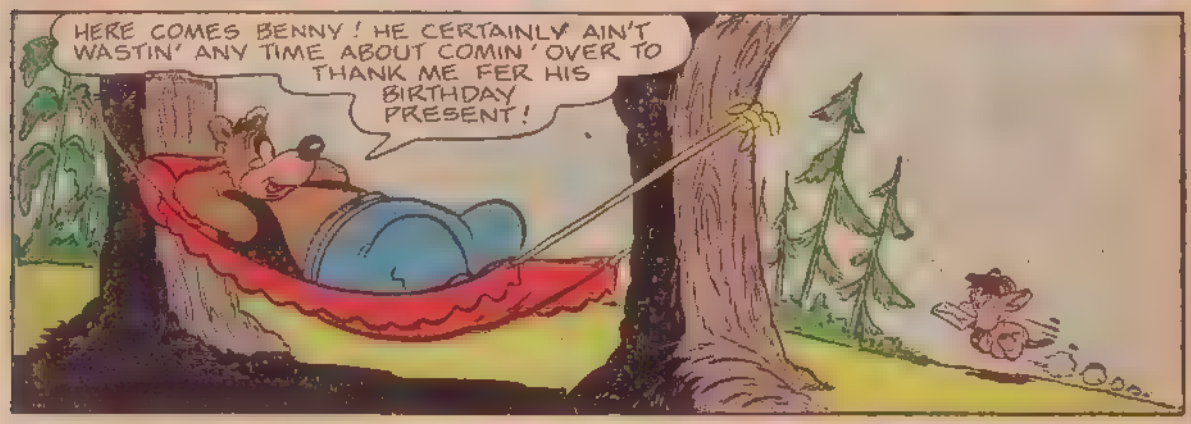

WELL WELL! A GIFT FROM MOTHER!
To Benny from his very best friend

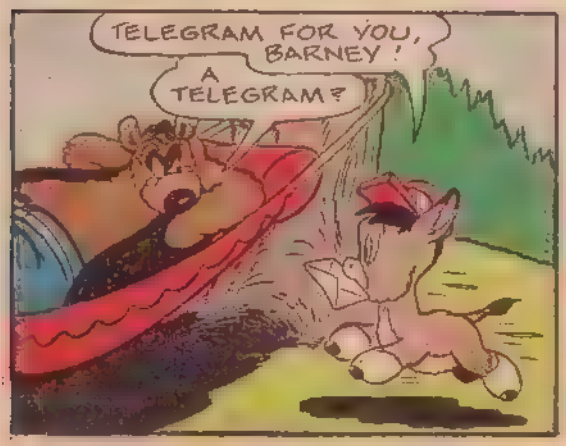

IT MUST BE FROM MOTHER, 'CAUSE EVERYONE KNOWS THAT A BURRO'S BEST FRIEND IS HIS MOTHER
RING-G!

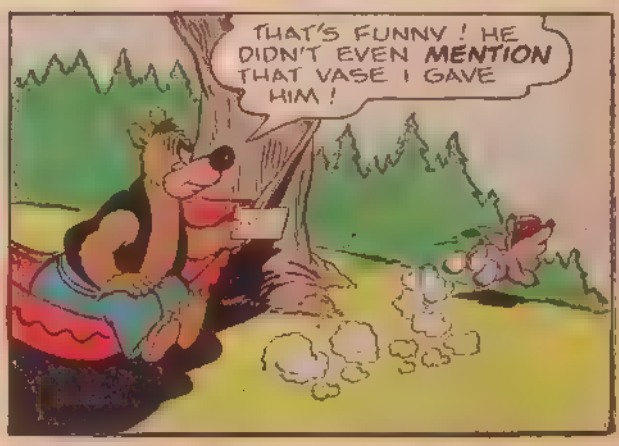

WE CAN USE ANOTHER MESSENGER BOY, BENNY! ARE YOU STILL INTERESTED?
YOU BET! I'LL TAKE THE JOB! I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN!

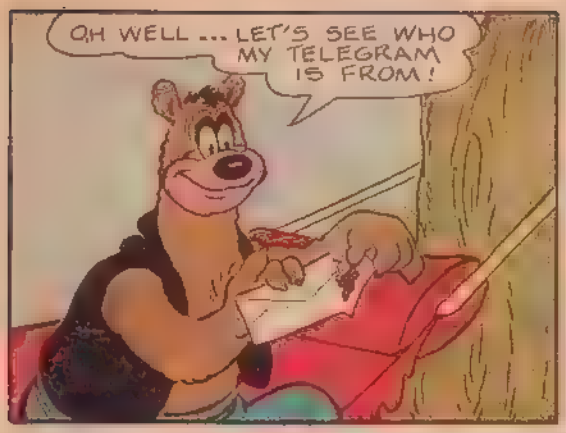

OH BOY! I'VE BEEN PRACTISING FOR THIS JOB FOR WEEKS AN' NOW...

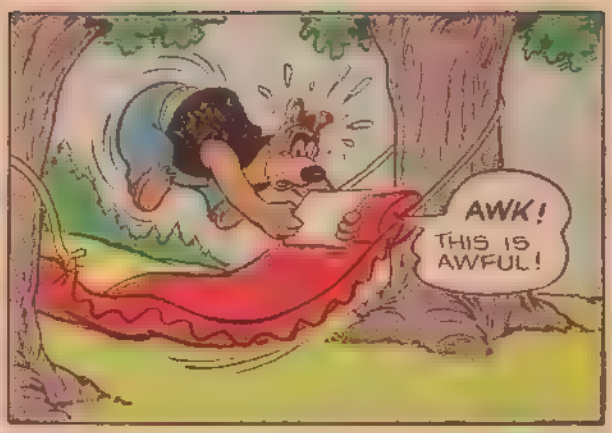

YOUR FIRST ASSIGNMENT, BENNY, IS TO DELIVER THIS TELEGRAM TO BARNEY BEAR!
YES, SIR!
EASTERN UNION

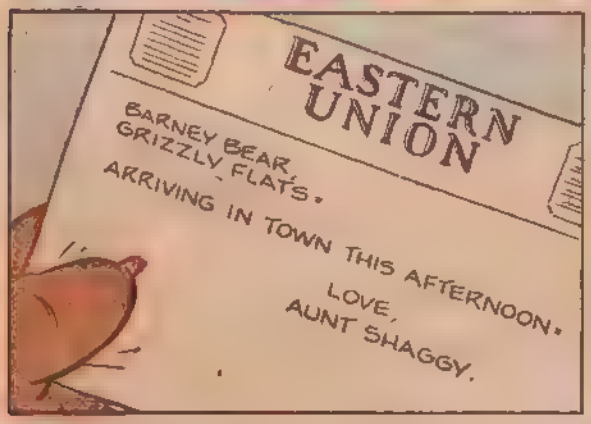

HERE COMES BENNY! HE CERTAINLY AIN'T WASTIN' ANY TIME ABOUT COMIN' OVER TO THANK ME FER HIS BIRTHDAY PRESENT!

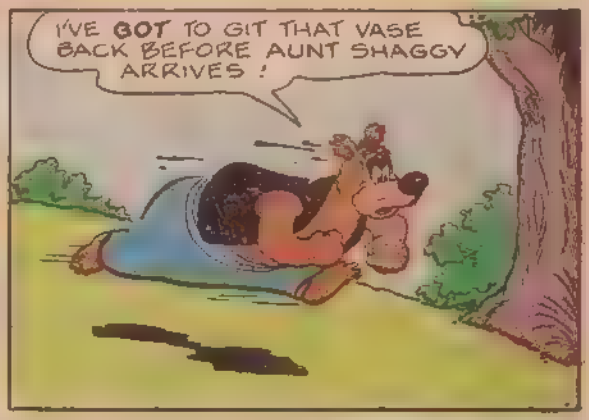

TELEGRAM FOR YOU, BARNEY!
A TELEGRAM?

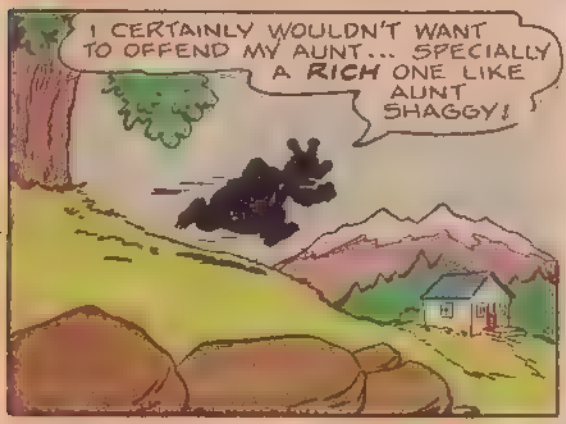

THAT'S FUNNY! HE DIDN'T EVEN MENTION THAT VASE I GAVE HIM!

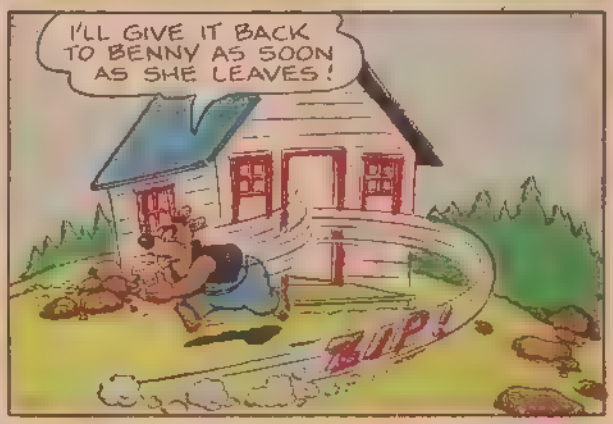

OH WELL ... LET'S SEE WHO MY TELEGRAM IS FROM!

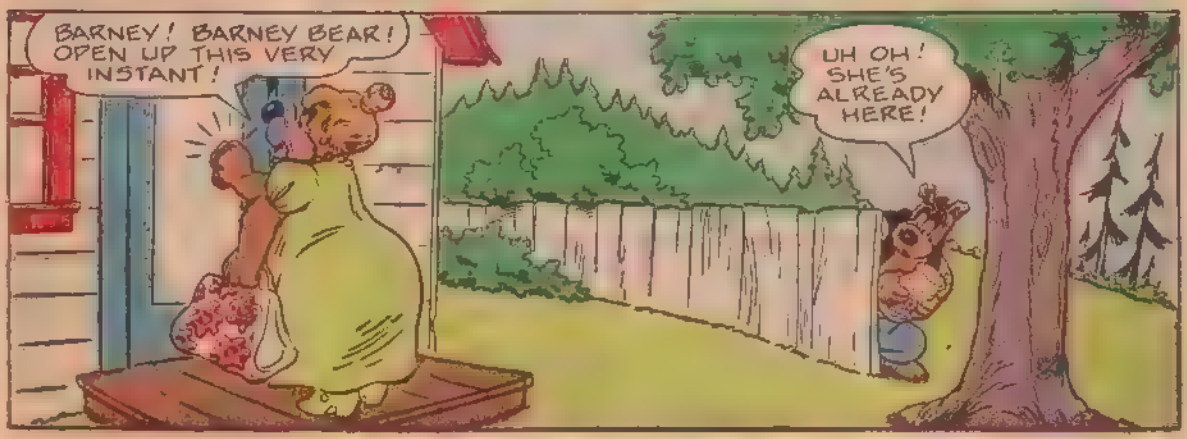

AWK! THIS IS AWFUL!

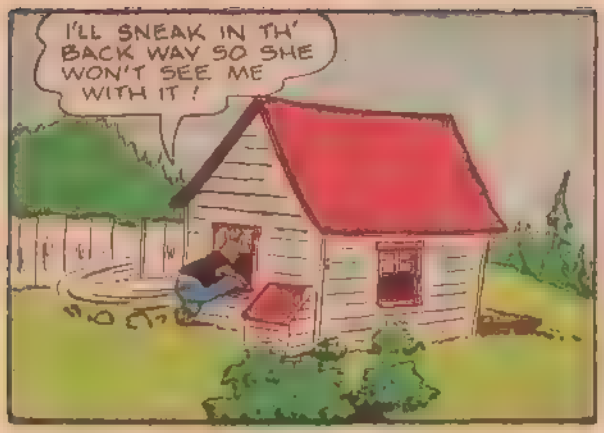

EASTERN UNION
BARNEY BEAR,
GRIZZLY FLATS.
ARRIVING IN TOWN THIS AFTERNOON.
LOVE,
AUNT SHAGGY.

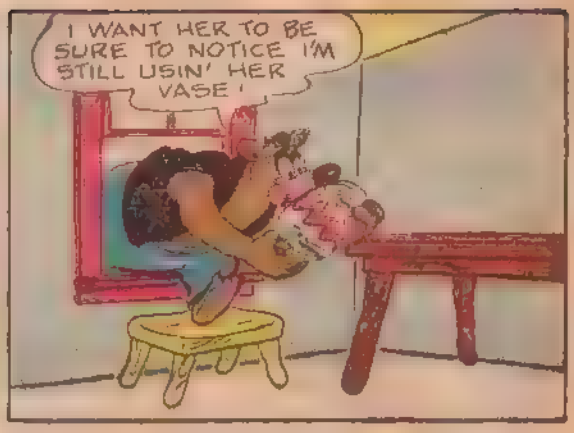

I'VE GOT TO GIT THAT VASE BACK BEFORE AUNT SHAGGY ARRIVES!

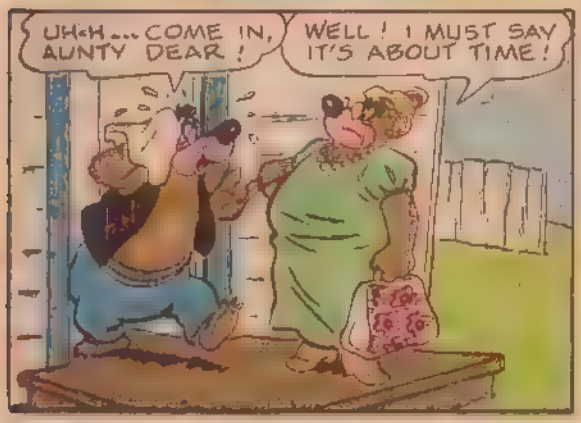

I CERTAINLY WOULDN'T WANT TO OFFEND MY AUNT... SPECIALLY A RICH ONE LIKE AUNT SHAGGY!


I'LL GIVE IT BACK TO BENNY AS SOON AS SHE LEAVES!
ZIP!

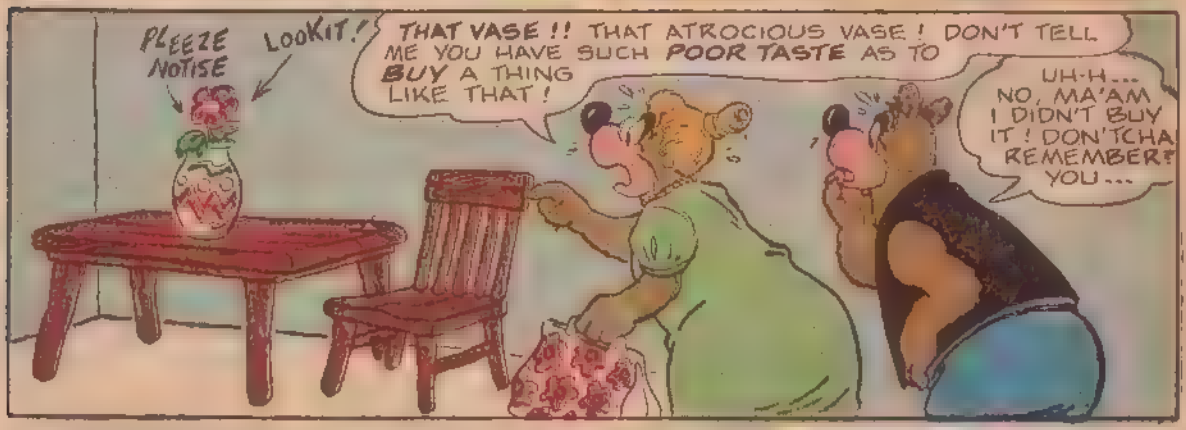

BARNEY! BARNEY BEAR! OPEN UP THIS VERY INSTANT!
UH OH! SHE'S ALREADY HERE!

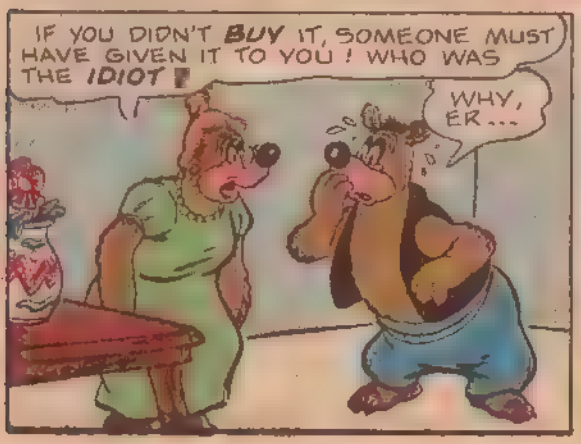

I'LL SNEAK IN TH' BACK WAY SO SHE WON'T SEE ME WITH IT !

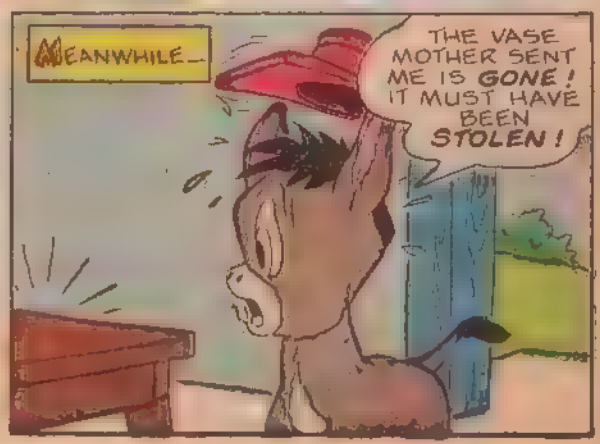

I WANT HER TO BE SURE TO NOTICE I'M STILL USIN' HER VASE !

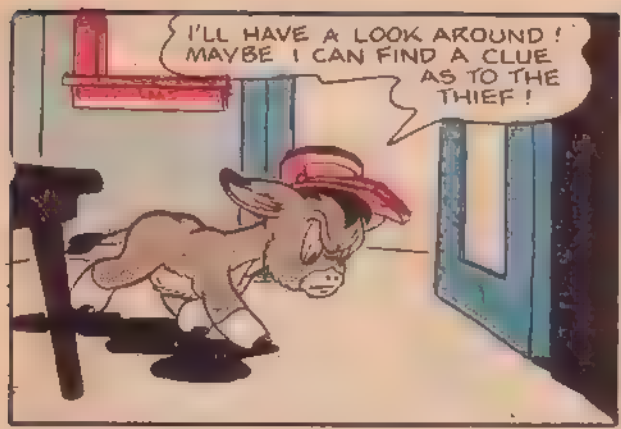

UH-H... COME IN, AUNTY DEAR !
WELL ! I MUST SAY IT'S ABOUT TIME !

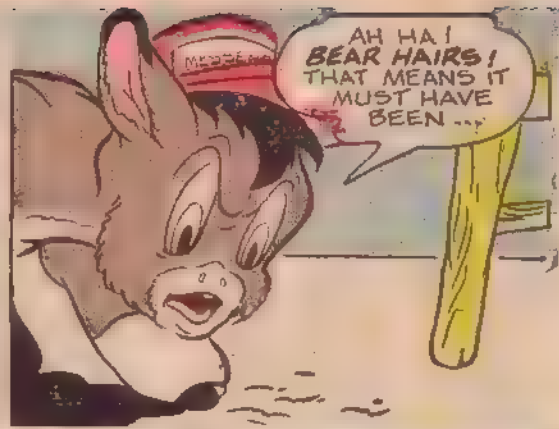
NOTICE ANYTHING THAT LOOKS FAMILIAR, AUNT SHAGGY !
EEK!

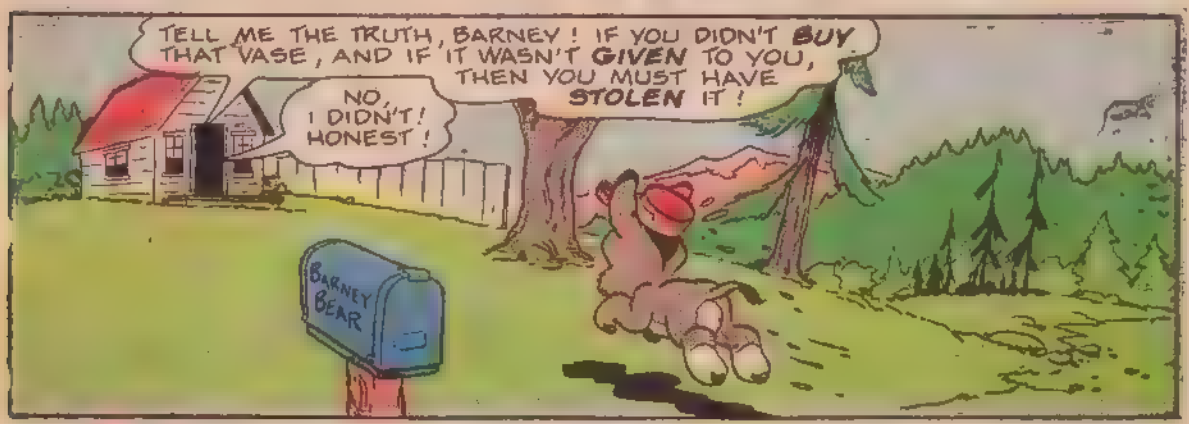

PLEEZE NOTISE
LOOKIT!
THAT VASE !! THAT ATROCIOUS VASE ! DON'T TELL ME YOU HAVE SUCH POOR TASTE AS TO BUY A THING LIKE THAT !
UH-H... NO, MA'AM ! DIDN'T BUY IT ! DON'TCHA REMEMBER? YOU...

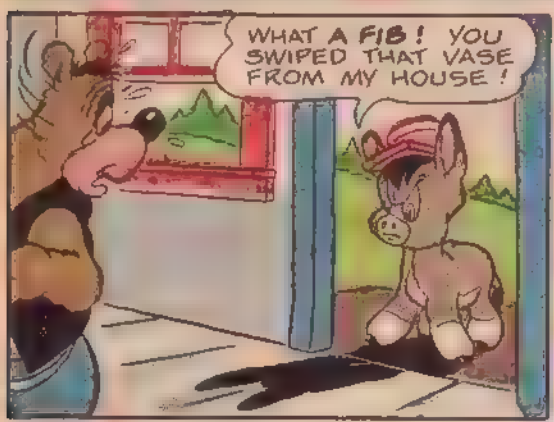

IF YOU DIDN'T BUY IT, SOMEONE MUST HAVE GIVEN IT TO YOU ! WHO WAS THE IDIOT ?
WHY, ER...

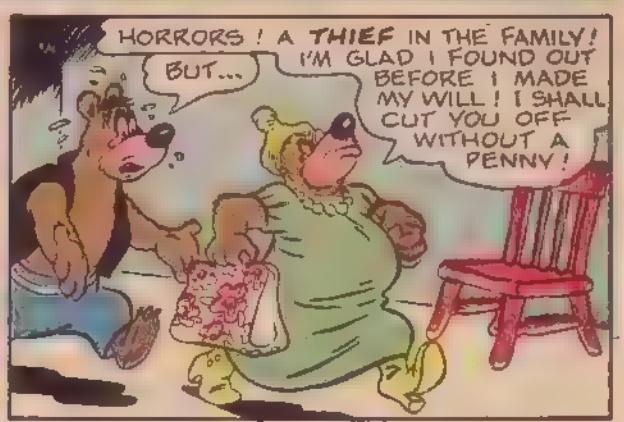

MEANWHILE...
THE VASE MOTHER SENT ME IS GONE ! IT MUST HAVE BEEN STOLEN !

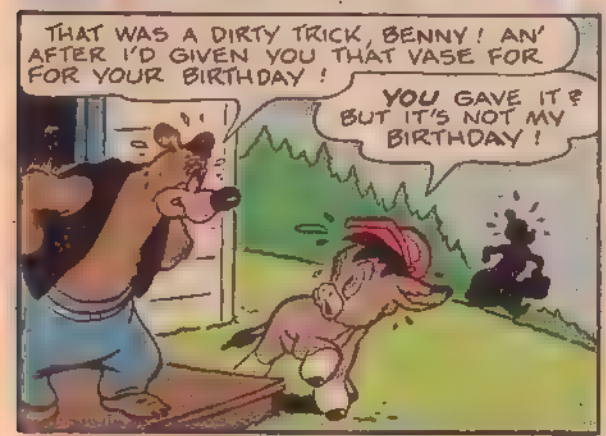

I'LL HAVE A LOOK AROUND! MAYBE I CAN FIND A CLUE AS TO THE THIEF!

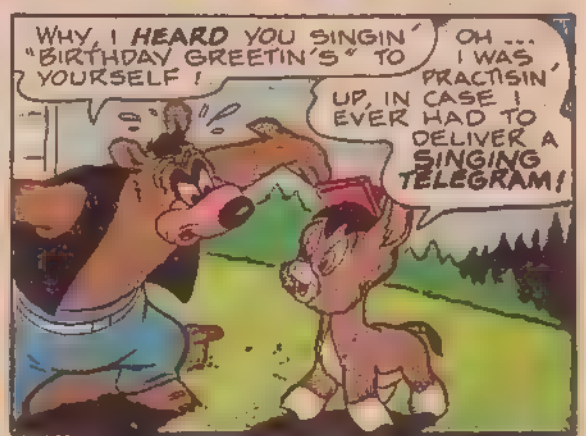

AH HA! BEAR HAIRS! THAT MEANS IT MUST HAVE BEEN ...

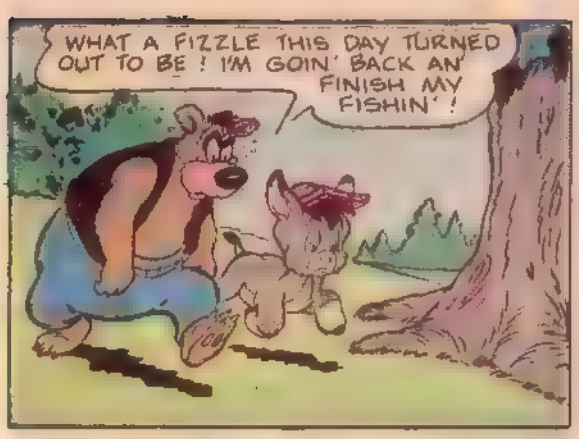

TELL ME THE TRUTH, BARNEY! IF YOU DIDN'T BUY THAT VASE, AND IF IT WASN'T GIVEN TO YOU, THEN YOU MUST HAVE STOLEN IT!
NO, I DIDN'T! HONEST!
BARNEY BEAR

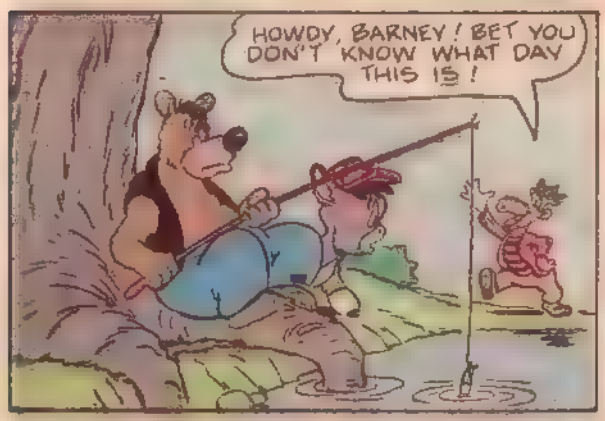

WHAT A FIB! YOU SWIPED THAT VASE FROM MY HOUSE!

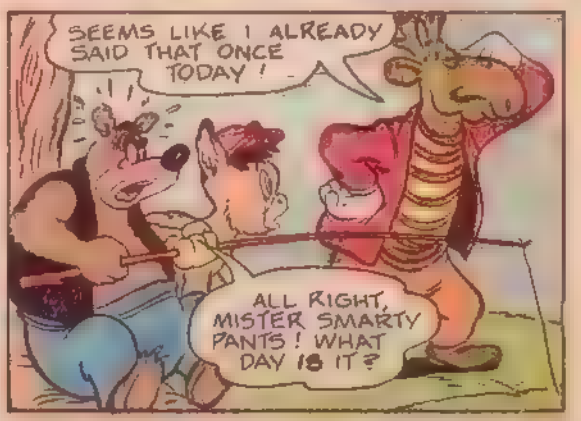

HORRORS! A THIEF IN THE FAMILY!
BUT...
I'M GLAD I FOUND OUT BEFORE I MADE MY WILL! I SHALL CUT YOU OFF WITHOUT A PENNY!

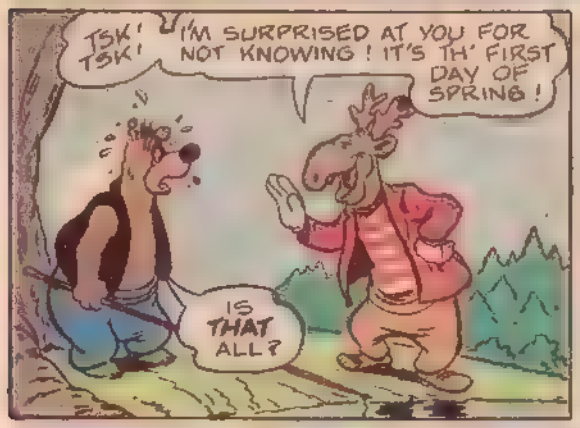

THAT WAS A DIRTY TRICK, BENNY! AN' AFTER I'D GIVEN YOU THAT VASE FOR FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY!
YOU GAVE IT? BUT IT'S NOT MY BIRTHDAY!

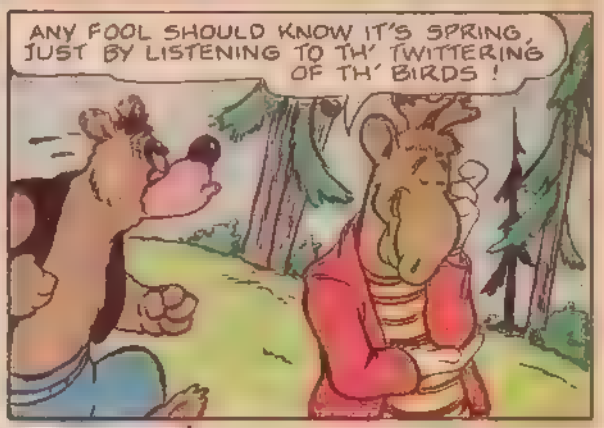

WHY, I HEARD YOU SINGIN' "BIRTHDAY GREETIN'S" TO YOURSELF!
OH ... I WAS PRACTISIN' UP, IN CASE I EVER HAD TO DELIVER A SINGING TELEGRAM!

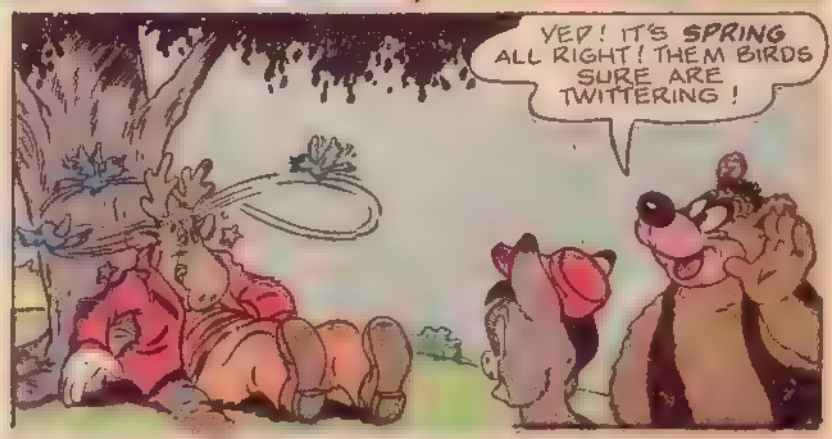










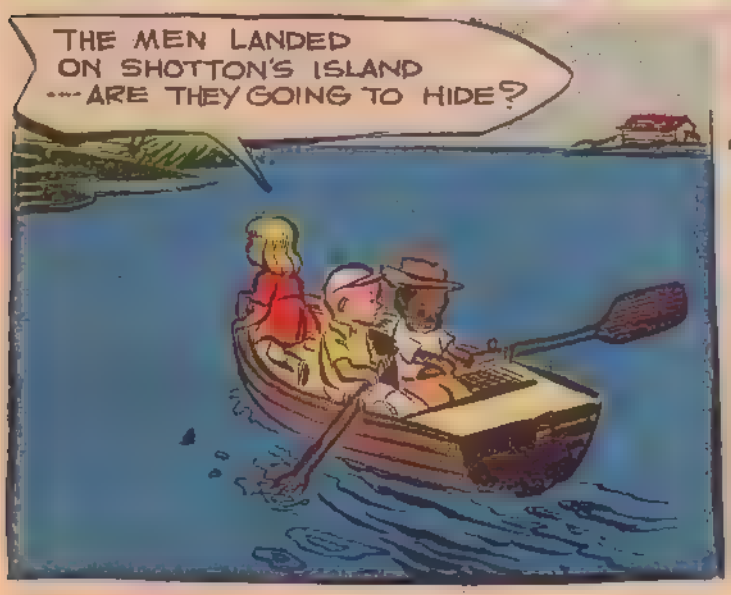


BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M·G·M pictures

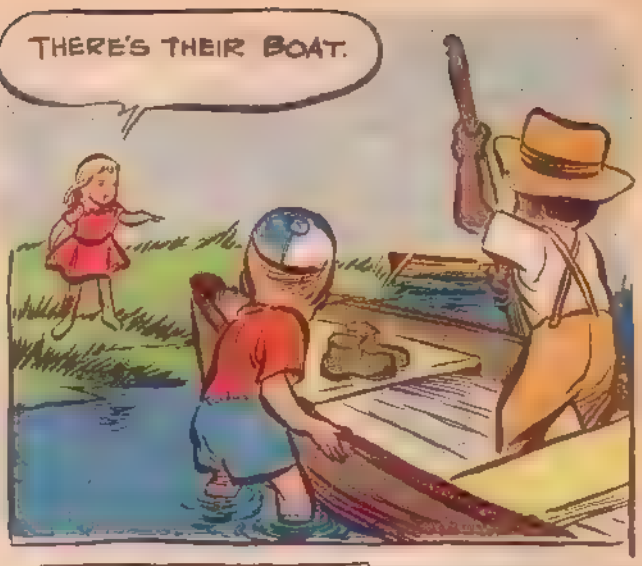
MGM PRESENTS

OUR GANG

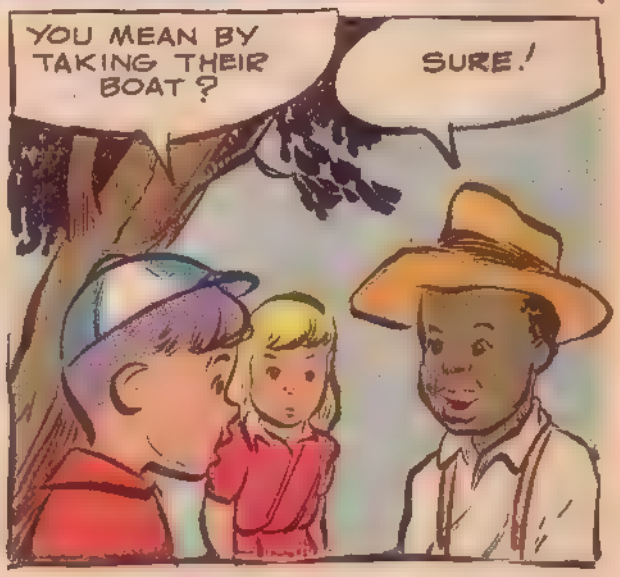
TWO DISHONEST CARNIVAL WORKERS HAVE STOLEN JULIP, THE GOAT, AND HORTENSE, THE DOG --- THEY BELIEVE HORTENSE CAN TALK BUT THE DOG HAS MERELY SWALLOWED A MIDGET RADIO..... JULIP HAS EATEN AN ALARM CLOCK AND THIS RINGS OCCASIONALLY.

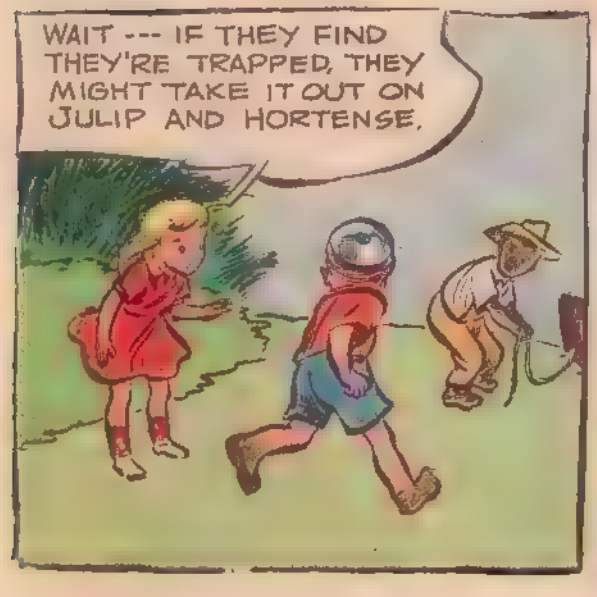


THAT MEANS THEY'RE HEADING FOR A ROAD —AND THE ISLAND HAS NONE.


THERE'S THEIR BOAT.

YOU KNOW, WE CAN TRAP THEM HERE.

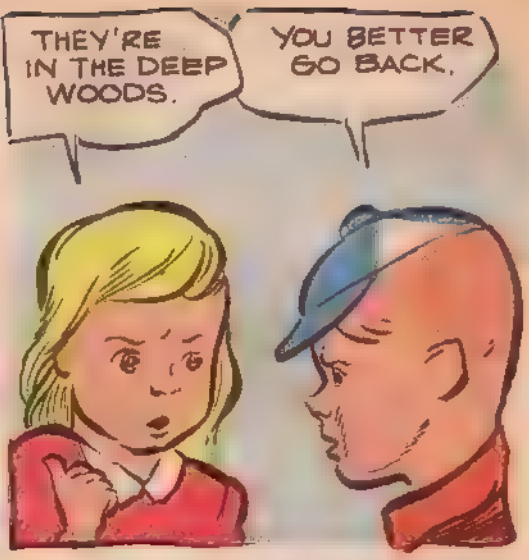

YOU MEAN BY TAKING THEIR BOAT?
SURE!

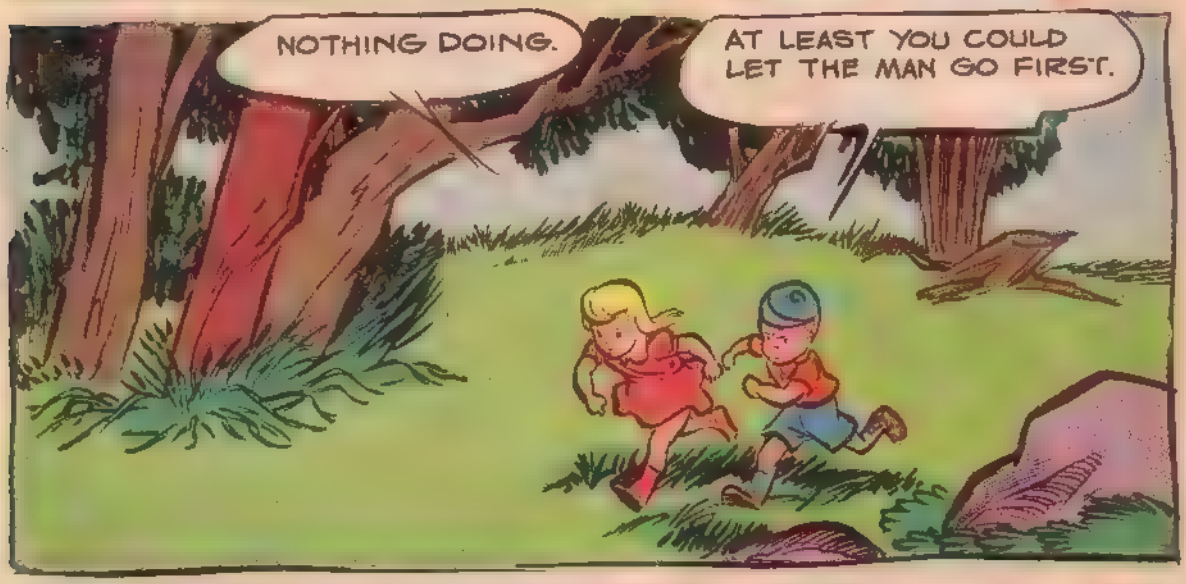

WAIT --- IF THEY FIND THEY'RE TRAPPED, THEY MIGHT TAKE IT OUT ON JULIP AND HORTENSE.

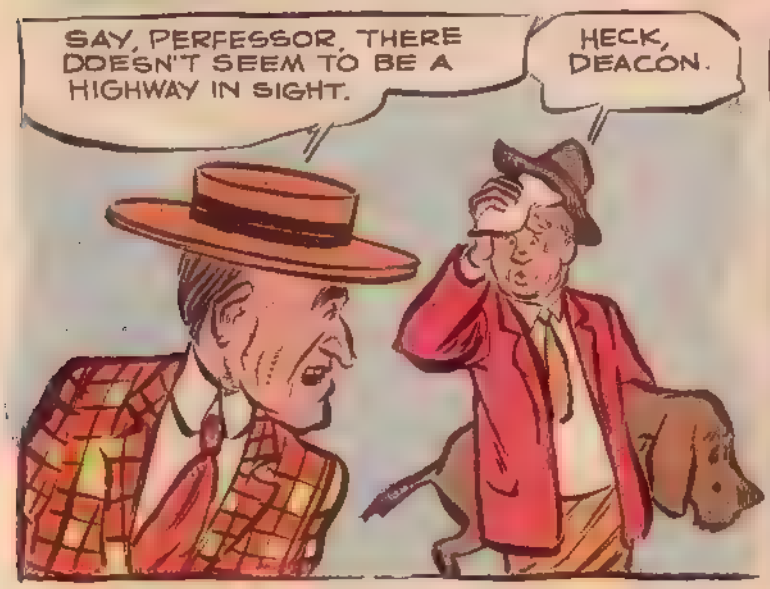
IT'D BE BETTER TO GET JULIP AND HORTENSE FIRST.

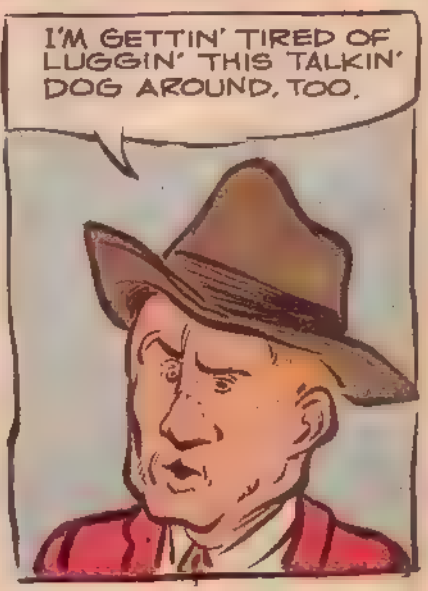
ONE OF US TAKE ONE BOAT TOW AND ROW OUT IN THE OTHER A LITTLE WAY FROM SHORE.
YOU CAN DO THAT, ANA, ---- WHILE TWO-BY-TWO AND I LOOK FOR THEM.
WHAT?! YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO ME — —— I CAN'T ROW.
WHAT?! YOU ROWED PART WAY OUT!
WELL, I WANT TO LOOK FOR THOSE MEN--- THEY MIGHT HURT HORTENSE OR JULIP.
HEY!
I'LL HAVE TO GET HER – WE'RE ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED IN TWENTY YEARS.
GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GET THESE BOATS OFF SHORE SO THOSE MEN CAN'T USE THEM.

THERE'S A FOOTPRINT!

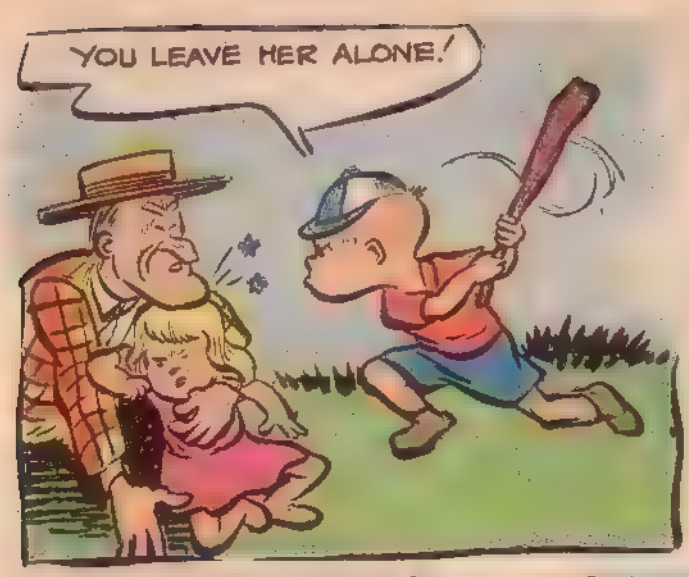

THEY'RE IN THE DEEP WOODS.
YOU BETTER GO BACK.


NOTHING DOING.
AT LEAST YOU COULD LET THE MAN GO FIRST.

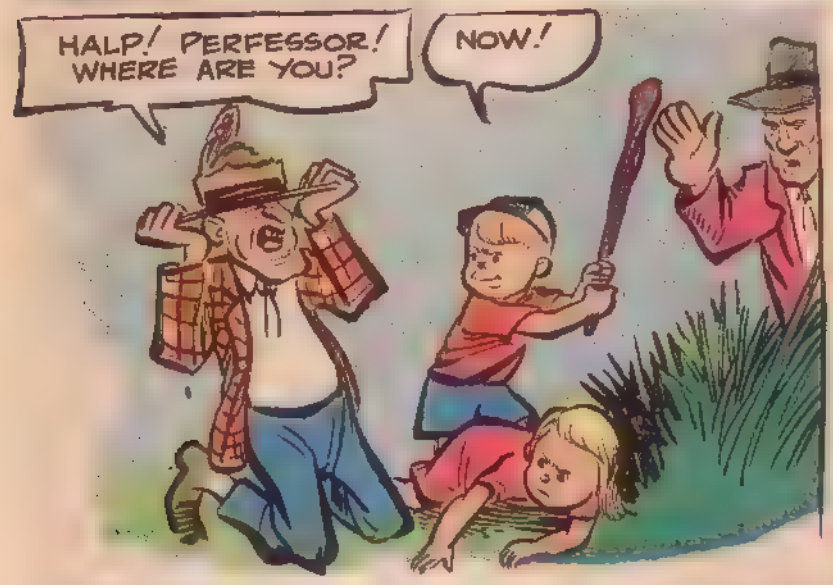

SAY, PERFESSOR, THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE A HIGHWAY IN SIGHT.
HECK, DEACON.


I'M GETTIN' TIRED OF LUGGIN' THIS TALKIN' DOG AROUND, TOO.

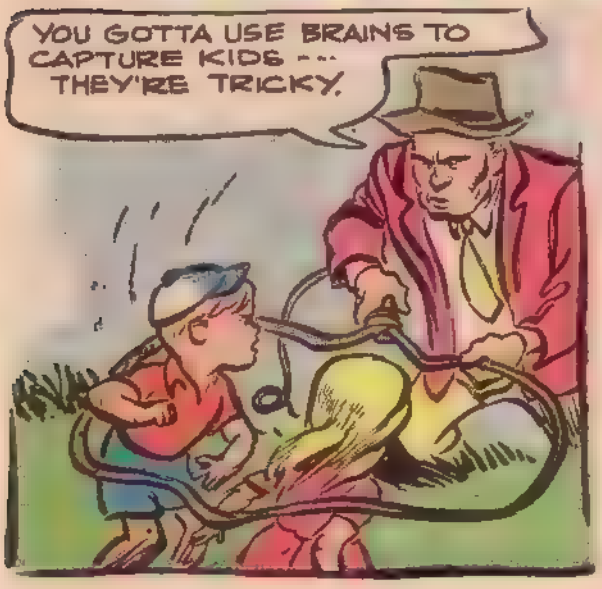
BESIDES IT AIN'T SAID NOTHIN' LATELY.
COME ON, TALK! SAY SOMETHING!
YOU LEAVE HORTENSE ALONE!
SHHHH---
IT'S THOSE KIDS! IF WE DON'T CATCH THEM, THEY WILL SET THE LAW ON US.
AFTER 'EM! NAB 'EM!
IT SURE IS A BUSY DAY.
GOT ONE!


YOU LEAVE HER ALONE!

NOBODY GOES BEATIN' UP ANASTASIA!


HALP! PERFESSOR! WHERE ARE YOU?
NOW!

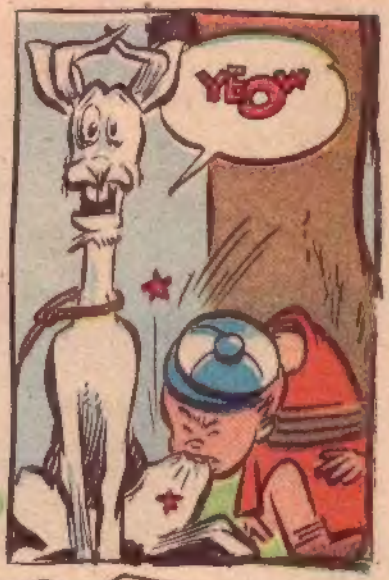
NOW!


YOU GOTTA USE BRAINS TO CAPTURE KIDS --- THEY'RE TRICKY.

NOW TO TIE 'EM UP OVER HERE.

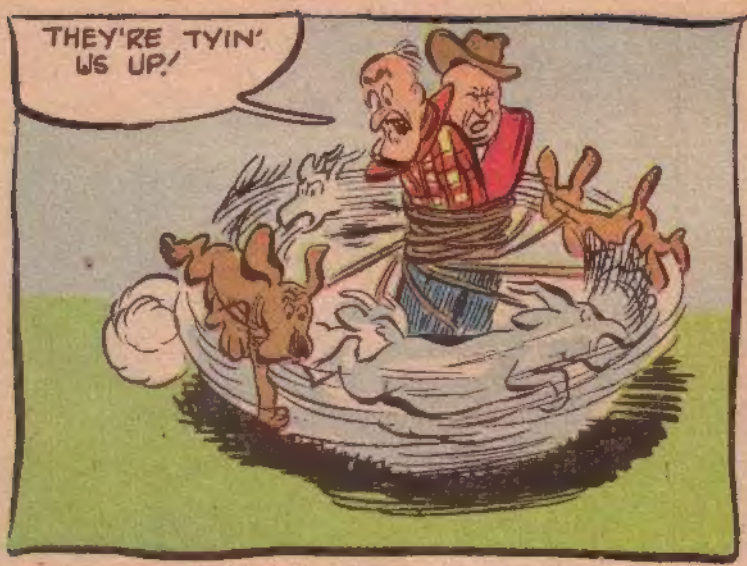
WITH THE KIDS TIED UP NOW, WE'LL TIE THE ANIMALS NEAR AND THEN GO LOOK FOR A WAY OUT.

LOOK THERE'S WATER ALL AROUND.

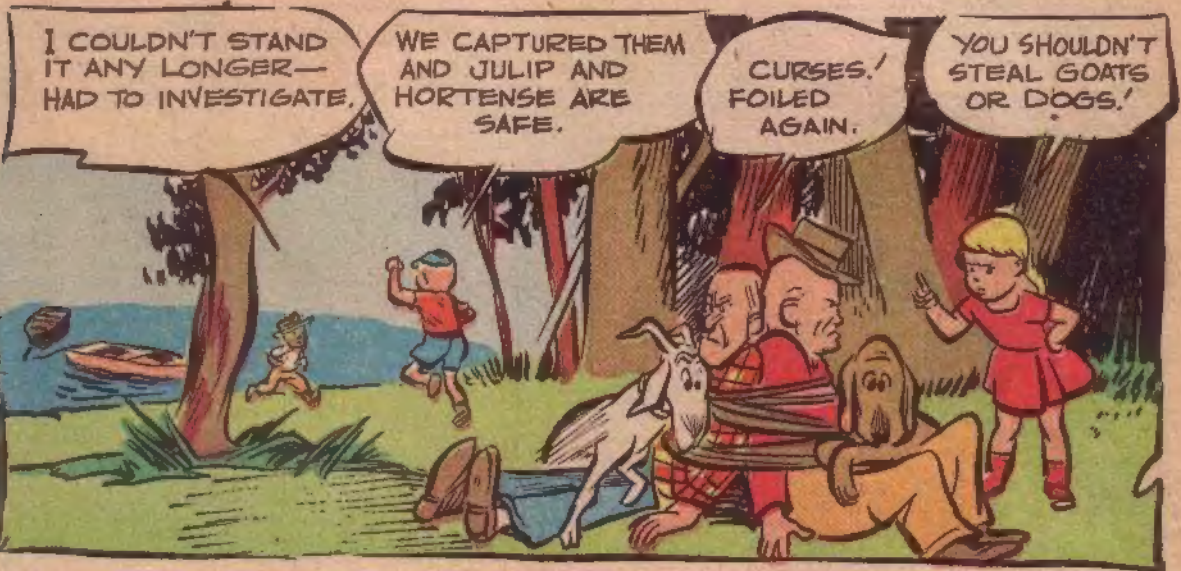

YEOW

?

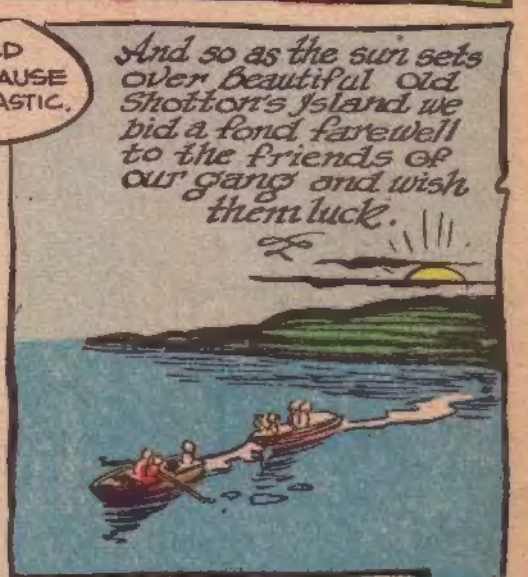
! !


THEY'RE TYIN' US UP!

NOW IF WE CAN JUST WORK FREE.


I COULDN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER— HAD TO INVESTIGATE.
WE CAPTURED THEM AND JULIP AND HORTENSE ARE SAFE.
CURSES! FOILED AGAIN.
YOU SHOULDN'T STEAL GOATS OR DOGS!

I GUESS JULIP DIGESTED THAT ALARM CLOCK.
AND HORTENSE DIGESTED THE MIDGET RADIO BECAUSE IT WAS MADE ALL OF PLASTIC.


And so as the sun sets over beautiful Old Shotton's Island we bid a fond farewell to the friends of our gang and wish them luck.

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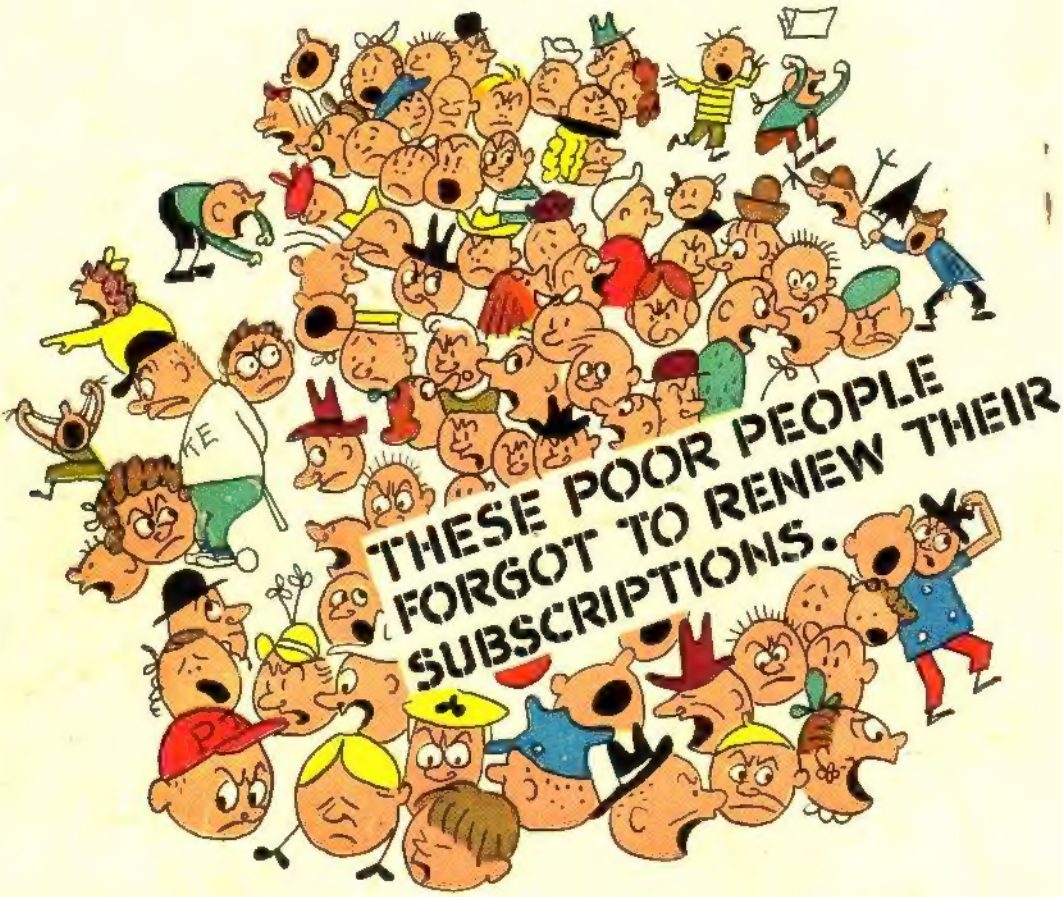

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